

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XV.—No. 362.

MAY 1, 1856.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.

Stamp for posting, if required, 1d.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT for YOUNG LADIES, 2, Stanley Crescent, Notting-hill, London. Conducted by Mrs. J. BAKEWELL. The house is large and commodious; and, as the number of pupils is limited, they enjoy most of the comforts of a well-appointed home, and that domestic intercourse with the Principals so essential to the formation of the mind and manners and the completion of the most important departments of Education. The school, being in union with the Royal College of Preceptors, affords peculiar facilities for the training of Governors. References to the parents of pupils. Prospectuses of terms forwarded on application.

SOUND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION at SHIRBORO' HOUSE COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Stamford Hill, conducted by C. WILLIAMS, M.A., Ph.D., and qualified Masters. Young gentlemen are thoroughly prepared for commercial or professional pursuits. The curriculum of studies embraces a practical knowledge of the English, French, and German languages, taught daily by resident professors, the classics, English and foreign correspondence, merchants' accounts, superior penmanship, and the whole routine of the counting-house. French is made the medium of conversation in the school-rooms, playgrounds, and at meals, under the direction of a resident French master. Lectures on chemistry and common things by T. A. SMITH, Esq. Diet unimpaired, and of the best quality. Corporal punishment wholly superseded by careful discipline and kind treatment. Terms, inclusive from Thirty guineas. A prospectus and dietary, with references to the parents of the pupils, forwarded on application. Number of boarders limited to forty. N.B.—The Quarter calculated from the day of entrance.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—A SURGEON, in extensive Practice in a large commercial town in the North of England, wishes to ENGAGE a PUPIL. He would make a liberal arrangement with a well brought up youth of good address. This would afford a good opportunity to a young man of limited means to acquire a thorough knowledge of the practice of the profession. The Son of a Clergyman would be preferred. Address "W. E." (No. 360), CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.
STEREOSCOPES AND SLIDES complete, 6s. 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.—Views for the Stereoscope, on glass and paper, from Italy, Switzerland, France, Algeria, Crystal Palace, &c.
A PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, 10s. 12s. 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s.
CHEMICAL INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT CHEST, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s.
ELECTRICAL MACHINE AND JAR, 12s. 6d.
COMPOUND MICROSCOPE, complete, 10s., 16s., 20s.
MAGIC LANTERN AND SLIDES, complete, 8s., 11s., 25s.
POLYORAMA AND VIEWS, complete, 12s., 17s. 6d.
E. G. WOOD, Optician, &c., 117, Chesham-street, London.
Prices List on application.

FLEMING'S PHOTOGRAPHIC WAREHOUSE.
A COMPLETE APPARATUS for £3, taking Portraits 4½ and under, including a Double Achromatic Lens, beautifully mounted in brass, with rack and pinion (warranted to produce as perfect a picture as any other apparatus), superior made Camera, exchanged if not found every way satisfactory, superior made Camera, with two dark slides and focusing slide, tripod stand with brass top, scales and weights, two porcelain pans, bath, and dipper, glass funnel and measure, boxes of instructions, and all the necessary chemicals, packed and sent to any part of the kingdom. Next size, 5s. 6d., including every article as above, but larger in proportion, taking Portraits 6½ and under. Next size, 11s. 11s., taking pictures 9 square and under. Every article in Photography cheaper than any wholesale house in London at GILBERT FLEMING'S, 48, New Oxford-street.—**FIRST STEPS IN PHOTOGRAPHY**, by GILBERT FLEMING, now ready, price 6d.; by post, 7s. 6d. The Art taught free to purchasers, and experienced operators sent to give instructions at their own residence on moderate terms.

NEWSPAPERS.—THE TIMES or POST posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter. HERALD, 2s.; CHRONICLE, LAILY NEWS, or ADVERTISER 2s.; TIMES (Second Edition), SUN, GLOBE, or STANDARD, 3s. TIMES (Second Day), 16s. 6d. Answers required, and orders must be prepaid.—JAMES PARKER, 10, Throgmorton-street, Bank.
Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES at DEANE'S IRONMONGERY and FURNISHING WAREHOUSES. A priced Furnishing List free by post.—DEANE, DEAY, and Co. (opening to the Monument), London-bridge. Established A.D. 1700.

SHORT-HAND rendered so simple as to be easily acquired. Montague's system is more contracted than any hitherto published: it affords immense facility to the learner. The Third Edition, thoroughly revised, is now ready, price 1s.; or free by post for fourteen stamps.
W. and H. S. WAIR, Stationers and Printers, 63, High Holborn.

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.—MANUSCRIPTS carefully PREPARED for the PRESS by experienced Literary Assistants, and printed in the first style. Words and pamphlets of every description published under peculiar advantages, and at the most moderate cost to authors. Estimates and the best advice given on the receipt of a manuscript.—ABBOTT, BARTON and CO., Advertising Agents and Publishers, 2, Upper Wellington-street, Strand.

TO SCULPTORS, STATUARIES, MARBLE MASON, and OTHERS.—A good opportunity is offered to enter upon an old establishment, as the proprietor wishes to retire. Every information will be given. The business has been carried on successfully for forty-four years.—Apply to Mr. FLOW, Foss Bridge, York.

N.B.—A large number of Marble Chimney-pieces, Tables, other work, and Stocks, offered for Sale, below the trade prices. Also, either together or separately, a Stone-wharf, Shop, Shops, and Premises.

SUPERB FLOWER SEEDS for EARLY SOWING, selected with care from the best varieties, sent post free at the annexed prices:—100 Fine Hardy Annuals, 5s.; 50 ditto, 3s.; 25 ditto, 2s. 6d.; 12 ditto, 1s. 3d. Catalogues, with sample packet, for 2d.
From WILLIAM KNIGHT, Florist, 67, High-street, Battle, Sussex.

WATERING GARDENS with PLEASURE.—Who likes to Water the Garden with a Water-pot? No one. Why? "Because it makes you in a mess and knots you up" before the garden is half watered. Consequence: the garden is neglected and not frequented.
Who likes to Water the Garden with Tubing? Every one: man, woman, child, and baby. Why? Because it is attracting, amusing, recreating, and invigorating: every one wants to do it, and don't know when to leave off. Consequence: the garden is well tended and well frequented. And where better met than in a humanising, moralising, sanitising, garden—under shady trees, on green lawns, sunny banks with blooming flowers, refreshed by genial showers through Gutta Percha or India Rubber Tubing.
Apply for Illustrated Price Lists, with instructions, and send for the materials, the best and cheapest, to JAMES SHEATH and CO., the Patent Gutta Percha and India Rubber Factory, 33, Old-street-road, London.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open at their Gallery, 53, Pall-mall East (close to Trafalgar-square), from NINE o'clock till Dusk. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open at their Gallery, 53, Pall-mall, near St. James's Palace. Daily, from NINE o'clock till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. each.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE WORCESTER SOCIETY OF ARTS, Established May 4, 1854.—The Third Exhibition of this Society will be opened in August next. Works of Art intended for Exhibition must be addressed to the Secretary, and delivered at the Society's rooms in Worcester, or to Mr. H. Criswick, of No. 6, New Compton-street, Soho, London, on or before the 6th day of August next. The carriage of the works of the artists only to whom the Society's circular has been sent will be paid by the Society.
A detailed prospectus and a copy of the notice to artists will be forwarded on application.
HENRY PERKES, Secretary.
Worcester, April 23, 1856.

NEOPHYTE WRITERS' SOCIETY.
INSTITUTED OCTOBER, 1852.
HONORARY COUNCILLORS.
Robert Chambers, Esq., Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.
Douglas Jerrold, Esq., M.P.
Marlin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., M.P.
Robert Lewis Geric, Esq., M.P.
Rev. Hen. Christmas, Esq., M.P.
The NEOPHYTE WRITERS' SOCIETY is an organised Literary Corresponding Union of Young Men, possessed of decided literary taste, and sufficient literary ability, residing in different parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Both to those who cultivate literature as a profession, and as a delightful recreation from other pursuits, the Neophyte Writers' Society holds out special advantages of fraternal assistance and friendship.
Applications for Admission to the Society, or for further information, may be addressed to
JAMES DRAKE, Sec. pro tem.
Honey, Huddersfield.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEASON TICKETS for the ensuing Season are now issued. They are in Three Classes.
1. Season Tickets (not transferable), admitting to the Palace and Park on all occasions whatsoever, excepting the Twelve Concerts given by the Opera Company.—One Guinea.
2. Season Tickets (not transferable), admitting on all occasions, including the Grand Opera Concerts—Two Guineas.
3. Transferable Tickets, admitting to the Grand Opera Concerts and the Flower Shows, but on no other occasions—Two Guineas.
These Tickets may be obtained at the Crystal Palace (Centre Entrance and Railway Station); at the Company's Office, 79, Lombard-street; at the London-bridge Terminus of the Brighton Railway, and the Office, 43, Regent-circus; and at the following places:—Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Sam's Library, 1, St. James's-street; Messrs. Keith, Prosser, and Co., 48, Chesham-street; Mr. Hammonds, 27, Lombard-street; Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co., 8, Royal Exchange; Mr. T. Knox Holmes, 44, Strand; Westerton's Library, 5, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 199, Regent-street; Calder's Library, 1, Bathurst-street; Hyde-park-gardens; Messrs. Mead and Powell, Arcade, London-bridge Station; Mr. J. H. Smith, 23, Gresham-street; Mr. H. A. Bebbington, 426, Strand; and Mr. Brill, Royal Baths, Brighton.
Remittances from the country, by Post-office order or otherwise, must be made payable to George Faxon. All applications must state whether the Tickets are for Ladies or Gentlemen, and none can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance.
By order, G. GROVE, Secretary.
Crystal Palace, April 23, 1856.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Exeter-house, Hancote, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 7. His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE in the Chair.
STEWARDS.
Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Right Hon. Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells.
Joshua Bates, Esq. Captain Richard F. Burton.
Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., M.P. Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P.
Major-General Cator, R.A. Sir George Cayley, Bart.
David Barclay Chapman, Esq. The Hon. B. Windsor Clive, M.P.
Dr. Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D. David Trevena Coulton, Esq.
T. F. Dillon Croker, Esq., F.R.S. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart.
Rev. Robert Wilson Evans, B.D. Right Hon. Lord Viscount Falkland, G.C.H.
Sir John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S. Henry Foss, Esq.
Sir William Fraser, Bart. Viscount Grey de Wilton.
Henry Hallam, Esq. Nathaniel Hawthorn, Esq., United States Consul, Liverpool.
Gilbert Henderson, Esq. John Pemberton Heywood, Esq.
T. B. Horsfall, Esq., M.P. Chandaos Wren Hoskins, Esq.
Henry C. Ibbotson, Esq. W. H. Gore Langton, Esq., M.P.
Tickets (21s. each) may be obtained from the Secretaries, and from the Secretary, at the Chambers of the Corporation, 73, Great Russell-street, OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

MAY MEETINGS.—TO CLERGYMEN, &c.
Sermon Paper, good quality, 4s. 6d. per ream; ruled ditto, 5s. 6d. Outside Thick Satin Letter, all perfect sheets, very cheap, 3d. per quire. Partridge and Cozens' New Paper made from Straw, 2s. 9d. per ream. Useful Cream Laid Note, 5 qrs. for 6d.; Super Thick do., 5 qrs. for 1s. Superior Cream Laid Adhesive Envelopes, 6d. per 100.
Orders over 30s. carriage paid. Catalogues post-free.
Observe—PARTRIDGE and COZENS, Stationers, No. 1, Chancery-lane, near Temple Bar.

PARKINS and GOTTO, Paper and Envelope Makers, 24 and 25, Oxford-street, the cheapest house in the kingdom. No charge for stamping. No charge for cementing envelopes. No charge for carriage to the country on orders over 20s.
Cream-laid Note, 5 quires for 6d. Thick ditto, 5 quires for 1s. Commercial Note, 5 quires for 1s. Bordered Note, 5 quires for 1s. India Note, 5 quires for 1s. Letter Paper, 4s. per ream. Serron Paper, 4s. 6d. per ream. Straw Writing Paper, 3s. Outside Foolscap, 1s. 6d.
Copy address—PARKINS and GOTTO, 24 and 25, Oxford-street.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY for MAY. **GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION**, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. In 3 vols. Vol. II., with portrait of Charlemagne. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.
HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

DICTIONARY OF LATIN QUOTATIONS, Classical and Mediaeval, including Proverbs, Maxims, Mottoes, Low Terms and Phrases: with a Selection of above 500 Greek Quotations. Edited by H. T. RILEY, B.A., late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s.
HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY for MAY. **BLAIR'S CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES**, Revised and Enlarged; comprehending the Chronology and History of the World, from the earliest times to the Russian Treaty of Peace, April, 1856. By J. WILLOUGHBY ROSSE. Thick post 8vo. (upwards of 800 pages), cloth. Double volume, 10s.
HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

This day will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 16s. **THOMPSON'S NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND**. Fourth and concluding volume, comprising Mammals, Fish, Molluscs, Crustacea, and Zoophytes. Edited by Professor DICKIE, ROBERT PATTERSON, Esq., and Dr. BALL. With Memoir and Portrait. 8vo. cloth.
HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

A THOUSAND SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTOES for One Shilling. Each with its appended reference to the context. Selected and arranged by THOMAS DOLBY, compiler of the Shaksperian Dictionary, &c.
Published by H. DOLBY, 56, Regent's Quadrant, and sold by all Booksellers, or sent per return of post for 13 stamps.

Published Monthly, price 3d.
THE BRITISH MOTHER'S JOURNAL, Edited by Mrs. J. BAKEWELL.
London: J. SNOW, Paternoster-row; J. F. SHAW, Southampton-row, Russell-square.

Just published, price 6s. No. VI. of the **EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**, exhibiting a view of the Progressive Discoveries and Improvements in the Sciences and the Arts.
Edinburgh: A. and C. BLACK. London: LONGMAN and Co.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE for MAY. No. V. Price 1s.
CONTENTS:
Prometheus. On Popular Lectures considered as an irregular Channel of National Education.
The Sacrifice: a Tale. Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida. Riding Together. Carlyle. Chap. II. The Sultor of Low Degree.
A Night in a Cathedral.
London: BELL and DALDY, Fleet-street.

Now ready, No. V. price 1s. of **THE MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and ART**.
CONTENTS:
Guizot's Richard Cromwell. The Campaign in Asia. Brueghel. Mémoires de Voltaire. The New Assyrian Marbles. Southey's Memoirs. Egyptian Chronology.
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS, West Strand; C. BRITTON.

Just published, demy 8vo. limp cloth, price 2s. 6d. (Post free from Westbury).
A DISSERTATION ON SACRED CHRONOLOGY, containing Scripture Evidence to show that the Creation of Man took place 5533 years before Christ. To which is added, an arrangement of the Dynasties of Manetho on a principle which renders Egyptian and Bible Chronology perfectly harmonious. By the Rev. NATHAN ROUSE.
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS, West Strand; C. BRITTON.

Just published, price 2s. 6d. each, 18mo. cloth, gilt lettered. Entirely New Editions.
MARIA EDGEWORTH'S "FRANK," collected from the Early Lessons. With 2 Steel Plates and Vignette, 1 vol. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
MARIA EDGEWORTH'S "HARRY and LUCY," with the Minor Tales, collected from the Early Lessons. With Steel Frontispiece and Vignette, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
MARIA EDGEWORTH'S "ROSAMOND," collected from the Early Lessons. With Steel Frontispiece and Vignette, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co.; HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co.; WHITTAKER and Co.; HOULESTON and STONEMAN; WASHINGTON and Co.; TEGG and Co.; ROUTLEDGE and Co.; DARTON and Co.; SMITH, ELDER, and Co.; HALL and Co.; and SMITH, MARSHALL, and Co.: of whom may also be had
Miss EDGEWORTH'S EARLY LESSONS.
Cheap Edition, with Frontispiece and Vignette, from Designs by Absolon. Complete in 1 vol. 8s. 6d. cloth lettered.

ORIGINAL EDITION, in Four Half-crown Volumes: viz.
Vols. I. and II. with Engravings, 18mo. 5s. cloth.
Vols. III. and IV. with Engravings, 18mo. 5s. cloth.
Fourth thousand.—An enlarged Edition, price 4s.
1000 ORAL EXERCISES IN FRENCH PHRASEOLOGY, IDIOMS, and SYNONYMS, By H. S. TURRELL, Late Head Master of the Brighton Proprietary School. "A very superior book, both in design and execution."—*Educational Record of the British and Foreign School Society*.
By the same, an enlarged Edition, price 4s. 6d.
Leçons Françaises de Littérature et de Morale en Prose et en Vers.
"Students of French could not use a better book."—*Critic*.
RELFE, BROTHERS, School Booksellers, 124, Aldersgate-street, London.
Second Edition, 5s., 8vo. 488 pp., bound.
A SCHOOL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE, with Chronological Tables and Questions for Examination. By JOHN LORD, A.M.
"Such a book as this has been long wanted for schools."—*Church of England Quarterly*.
"It is far better calculated to awaken intelligent interest than any other school history we have met with."—*Educational Record*.
"A series of pictures, and drawn with a free, bold touch."—*Athenaeum*.
"The divisions are broad and distinctive, and the style clear."—*Spectator*.
"It supplies a great want. It ought to be in every school and every family."—*Patriot*.
"It needs only to be well known to be widely adopted."—*Christian Times*.
"Well and boldly written. The style is a model of plainness, and the chronological tables and the questions are full, taught, and good."—*English Journal of Education*.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.; and HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co.



Now ready,
SACRED POETRY: A Selection of the choicest in the language, for Schools and Families. Price 4s. 6d. A copy sent free by post to any person, on receipt of the price in penny postage-stamps to the *CHEMICAL JOURNAL* Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand; or by order of all Booksellers.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.—Monthly, price only 4d., completing a yearly volume of the choicest Poetry of the Present and the Past; selected by the Editors of *THE CRITIC*. The vols. for the three last years may be had, price 3s. 6d. each, or, superbly bound in purple and gold, price 7s. 6d.
CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Fifth Edition, price 1s. cloth, free by post.
A WORD TO THE WISE; or Hints on the Current Improvements of Expression in Writing and Speaking. By PARRY GWYNNE.
"All who wish to mind their P's and Q's should consult this little volume."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.
GRANT and GRIFFITH, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

MRS. LEE'S NEW AFRICAN STORY.
SIR THOMAS; or the Adventures of a Cornish Baronet in Western Africa. By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of "The African Wanderers," &c. With illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.
"The intimate knowledge of African customs, possessed by Mrs. Lee, enables her to convey ample information in a most pleasing form."—*Britannia*.
"An original in construction as it is interesting in detail."—*Art Journal*.
GRANT and GRIFFITH, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

SHOOTING: its THEORY and PRACTICE. By CHRISTOPHER IDLE, Esq. This Series will be commenced in *THE FIELD*, the *COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER*, on April 28. Price 6s. 6d. a quarter, or single numbers, 6d.
Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

ON THE STABLE; and on FOX-HUNTING. By HARRY HIEOVER, in *THE FIELD*, the *COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER*. Weekly, price 6d., or by the quarter, 6s. 6d.
Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

BILLIARDS: its THEORY and PRACTICE. By CAPTAIN CRAWLEY, with Illustrations. Weekly, in *THE FIELD*, the *COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER*. Price 6d., or 6s. 6d. per quarter.
Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

NEW SPORTING NOVEL.—Chapter the first of MR. NEWTON DOGVANE'S SPORTING ADVENTURES has appeared in *THE FIELD*, the *COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER*, and will be continued every Saturday. Price 6d., weekly. By order of any Bookseller, or direct from the Office. A Specimen Copy for six stamps.
Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

NEWEST PLANTS and FLOWERS.—An Engraving and a Description of the CURVE-FRUITED RHODODENDRON, a new and interesting species from the Sikkim Himalaya, will be given in *THE FIELD*, the *PAGE, THE GARDEN*, of Saturday, May 3. The Plant is now in flower at Messrs. Standish and Noble's, of Bognor; and the above engraving will be the fourth of *THE FIELD* series of NEWEST PLANTS and FLOWERS. Every Saturday, price 6d. A copy, post free, in return for six stamps.
Office, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

WORKS by MISS CORNER. Published by DEAN and SON, 31, Ludgate-hill.
"The merits of Miss Corner's Histories are such that we are not surprised at their becoming popular school books."—*Critic*.
Miss Corner's Thirteen Histories are well adapted for Schools or Family Reading, being pleasantly written, and forming agreeable contrasts to those dry epitomes with which children are so often teased. The whole thirteen form a complete History of Europe, and are compiled from accepted modern English and Foreign authorities, and strongly bound, and embellished with Maps and Plates.

Corner's History of ENGLAND & WALES. Thirtieth thousand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and Index. New Edition, continued to the present date. 3s. 6d. bound. With Questions, 4s.

Corner's History of IRELAND. Eighth thousand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and Index. New Edition. 2s. 6d. bound. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of SCOTLAND. Plates, Map, Chronological Table and Index. Twelfth thousand. New Edition. 2s. 6d. bound. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of FRANCE. Plates, Map, Chronological Table and Index. Fifteenth thousand. New Edition, corrected to the present time. 2s. 6d. bound. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of GREECE. with Questions, 3s. Map, and Chronological Table and Index. Eighth thousand.

Corner's History of ROME. with Questions, 3s. 6d. Map of the Empire, and Chronological Table and Index. Eleventh thousand.

"This is a truly faithful and useful work, well adapted for Youth, whether at school or at home. The latest and best authorities have been consulted, and the substance of the discoveries and comments freely adopted in this careful account of the Roman people."—*Herald*.
Corner's History of GERMANY and the GERMAN EMPIRE. including Austria and Prussia, 3s. 6d. bound. Plates, Map, Questions, and Chronological Table and Index.
Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 2s. 6d.—Poland and the Russian Empire, 3s. 6d.—Turkey and the Ottoman Empire, including Modern Greece, 3s. 6d. bound.—Italy and Switzerland, 3s. 6d. bound.—Holland and Belgium, 2s. 6d. bound.

A Prospectus of Miss Corner's Histories, post free, on application.

The First History of England that should be placed in the hands of a Child. Third Edition. Printed in large type, twenty-four pages of tinted plates. 3s. 6d. gilt edges, or in eight divisions, fancy stiff covers, 6d. each. Without the plates, for the use of Schools, 2s. 6d. It can also be had in Eight Parts, at 6d. each.

Every Child's History of England, with Questions to each Chapter, adapted to the Junior Classes. By Miss CORNER. Price 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth, with the Map coloured.

The Play Grammar; or, the Elements of Grammar explained in Short and Easy Games. By Miss CORNER. Eleventh Edition, improved, with illustrations. 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth.

Charles Butler's Easy Guide to Geography. A New and Concise Description of the Five great Divisions of the Globe, their Natural, Mineral, and Vegetable Productions; and the Characteristics of their Inhabitants. New Edition. Tenth Thousand. 1s. 6d. in cloth; or, with the USE of the GLOBES, and SEVEN GLYPHOPHIC MAPS, 2s. bound in cloth.

Charles Butler's Guide to Useful Knowledge, containing, in the form of an easy familiar Catechism, a complete Series of the Newest and most useful Information connected with the Arts, Sciences, and the Phenomena of Nature. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Scriptural History Simplified. By Dr. J. KITTO, L.L.D., and Miss CORNER. Price 3s. 6d. in a clear type, royal 16mo.
This Book has been published to take the place of Dr. Watts's School Book on this subject—the new lights which later years have thrown on Sacred History having discovered inaccuracies in the Doctor's descriptions.

Miss Corner's Fables for the Young. Illustrated by CROWQUILL and NORTHCOKE. Price 3s. 6d. gilt edged.

A very liberal allowance to Schools.

London: DEAN and SON, Printers and Publishers, Bible and Prayer-book Warehouse, 31, Ludgate-hill.

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET, MAY.
MR. BENTLEY'S
LIST OF NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS
FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

This day is published, in 3 vols.
THE OLD GREY CHURCH: a Novel. By the Author of "Trevelyan," "Marriage in High Life."
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

PROFESSOR CREASY'S NEW WORK.
This day is published, the Second Volume, completing the Work, 8vo. with Maps, 14s.

HISTORY of the OTTOMAN TURKS from the Foundation of their Empire to the Present Time. By Professor CREASY, Professor of History at University College, London.
By the same Author,

THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES of the WORLD. Seventh Edition, 8vo. with Plans, 15s.

THE RISE and PROGRESS of the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. Third Edition, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

M. GUIZOT'S NEW WORK.
This day is published, in 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

HISTORY of RICHARD CROMWELL and the RESTORATION of CHARLES II. By M. GUIZOT.
By the same Author,

HISTORY of OLIVER CROMWELL and the English Commonwealth. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

HISTORY of the ENGLISH REVOLUTION to the Death of Charles I. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
SHAKESPEARE and HIS TIMES. 8vo. 14s.
CORNEILLE and HIS TIMES. 8vo. 14s.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

DIARY of the LATE WAR.
Now ready, 8vo. with Portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, 14s.

DR. ROBINSON'S DIARY of the CRIMEAN WAR, from the DEPARTURE of the GUARDS to the CAPTURE of SEBASTOPOL.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Now ready, 8vo. with Portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, 10s. 6d.
MEMOIRS of MRS. FITZHERBERT, with an Account of her Marriage with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (afterwards King George the Fourth). By the Hon. CHARLES LANGDALE.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

THE NEW NOVEL.
Now ready, New Edition, in 3 vols.
CLARA; or, **Slave Life in Europe.** With a Preface by Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

DR. DORAN'S NEW WORK.
Second Thousand, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

KNIGHTS and THEIR DAYS. By Dr. DORAN.
By the same Author,

LIVES of the QUEENS of ENGLAND of the HOUSE of HANOVER. Second Thousand. 2 vols. with Portraits. 21s.

HABITS and MEN, with REMNANTS of RECORDS on the MAKERS of BOTH. Second Thousand. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

TABLE TRAITS, with SOMETHING on THEM. Second Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6s.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

USED IN THE UNIVERSITIES OF CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

Now ready, in post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

THE PRIMARY PRINCIPLES OF REASONING. Revised and Approved by the Archbishop of Dublin. By ROBERT BOYD KIDD, B.A.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

THE LIBRARY EDITION of MR. PRESCOTT'S NEW WORK.
Library Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits, 28s.

HISTORY of the REIGN of PHILIP II. of SPAIN. By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.
By the same Author,

HISTORY of the REIGN of FERDINAND and ISABELLA. Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. 21s.

HISTORY of the CONQUEST of MEXICO. Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. 21s.

HISTORY of the CONQUEST of PERU. Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. 21s.

BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL ESSAYS. Library Edition. 8vo. with Portrait of the Author. 10s. 6d.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

THE CHEAP EDITION of MR. PRESCOTT'S NEW WORK.
Now ready, in 1 vol. with a Portrait, 5s.

PRESCOTT'S PHILIP II. of SPAIN.
Mr. Prescott's other Historical Works may also be had of Mr. Bentley, in 1 vol. with a Portrait. 5s.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Mr. BENTLEY's List for May continued.
CABINET EDITION of MR. PRESCOTT'S NEW WORK.
Now ready, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Portraits, 12s.

HISTORY of the REIGN of PHILIP II. of SPAIN. By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. Uniform editions with the above of Mr. Prescott's Historical Works and Essays may also be had of Mr. Bentley. The Historical Works for 12s. each; the Essays for 4s.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Just ready, Vol. IV. (completing the Work), 8vo. 14s.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MEMORIALS and CORRESPONDENCE of CHARLES JAMES FOX.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 5s.

SELECTIONS from the WRITINGS of Dr. WHATELY, ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN. With his Grace's permission.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

This day is published, Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY of the PAPACY to the PERIOD of the REFORMATION. By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, Author of "The Latin-English Dictionary."
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

SCRIPTURE CONFIRMED by GEOLOGY.
Now ready, in 1 vol. 5s.

SERMONS in STONES; or, **Scripture Confirmed by Geology.** By D. MAUSLAND.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

CHEAP EDITION of "THE INITIALS."
This day is published, Cheaper Edition, 1 vol. 5s.

THE INITIALS. By the Baroness TAUTPHOENS.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

This day, New Edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo. with Portraits, 18s.

MEMOIRS of the COURT of ENGLAND under the STUARTS, including the PROTECTORATE. By JOHN HENEGAGE JESSE.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Now ready, third and concluding volume, 8vo. 14s.

LAMARTINE'S MEMOIRS of CELEBRATED CHARACTERS, including Madame de Sévigné, Bossuet, &c.
Also, the First Part of the Work, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Now ready, in 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

HISTORY of CHRISTIAN CHURCHES and SECTS from the EARLIEST AGES of CHRISTIANITY. By the Rev. J. B. MARSDEN, A.M., Author of "The Early and Later Puritans."
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

CONTENTS.	
LEADING ARTICLES:—	The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings 211
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	Biography:—
	The Political Life of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. By Thomas Doubleday..... 212
Religion:—	New Publications 213
Science:—	McCosh's Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation 214
	The Mechanism of the Solar System and Astronomical Discoveries. By John Phillips 215
Foyages and Travels:—	Italian Sights and Papal Principles. By J. J. Jarves 215
	Gleanings after Grand Tourists 216
	Ottoman's Journey in the Sea-board Slave States 216
	Anderson's Chamouni and Mont Blanc 216
	Border Lands of Spain and France; with an Account of a Visit to the Republic of Andorra 217
Fiction:—	Margaret and her Bridesmaids 217
	The Heirs of Blackridge Manor. By Diana Butler 217
	The King and the Veil. By James Augustus St. John 217
	John Halifax, Gentleman..... 217
	Diamonds and Dust 217
	Tasse and Leonora 217
	Glenmorven; or Noddy Rectory. By H. T. Mullay 217
	Claude de Vesel 217
	Notices of Small Books 219
Poetry and the Drama:—	Bradbury's Bridal of Lady Blanche and other Poems 218
Miscellaneous:—	The Mormons at Home. By Mrs. B. G. Ferris..... 219
	Notices of Small Books 220
Periodicals and Serials:— 220
FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c:—	The Critic Abroad 220
	Foreign Books recently published 221
France:—	From our own Correspondent 221
America:—	Life in the Woods. By Henry D. Thoreau 223
Italy:—	From our Italian Correspondent..... 224
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c:—	Science and Inventions:—
	The Fortnight 225
Architecture:—	Report on Architecture as a Fine Art 226
Art and Artists:—	New Water-Colour Society 227
	Old Water-Colour Society 227
	Polychromy 228
	Talk of the Studios 228
Music and Musicians:—	Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat 228
Literary News:— 228
Drama and Public Amusements 228
Correspondence 229
Books Recently Published 230
Advertisements 230, 231, 232, 233

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER CALEDONIENSIS.—There is no fixed rule to follow. Custom alone governs the pronunciation. We are accustomed to lay the accent upon the first syllable in all the instances given.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

On Tuesday morning his Grace the Earl Marshal of England, accompanied by a posse of heralds, horseguards, and pursuivants-at-arms, made solemn proclamation of peace in the great public places of the metropolis. Next Sunday is appointed by the Queen in Council to be a day of Thanksgiving to the Almighty for the blessing of peace once more restored to us. We must confess that we should have preferred to hear that our Sovereign, imitating the example of her great predecessor Elizabeth, was about to proceed in state to the national Cathedral of St. Paul's, and there offer up her thanks to Him within whose hands are the balances of peace and war. The preparations for a general rejoicing are now in a state of great forwardness, and there is little doubt but that the high expectations which have been formed will be fully realised. The metropolis is fast filling in anticipation of the jubilee, and before the time arrives all those who have it in their power will hasten up to take their part in the national festivity. Among other suggestions comes one from the managers of the London theatres, urging the Government to throw them open free to the public. These gentlemen urge that, without something of the sort is done, they cannot enter into competition with the squibs and crackers of Hyde Park, and that they will be reluctantly compelled to close their houses—a measure which would not certainly be in keeping with a national rejoicing. They represent that, if thirty or forty thousand tickets were judiciously distributed, all the houses might be filled without any disturbance, and that it might be managed at very little expense to the Government. Appropriate entertainments and music might be selected for the occasion; and we quite agree with the managers that, whilst it would relieve the pressure in Hyde Park, it would afford to people so disposed an opportunity of spending an evening in a much more sensible manner than in gaping at rockets and Roman candles. About twelve or fifteen hundred pounds would probably cover the entire expense.

Among many excellent and fitting schemes for commemorating the termination of the war, the most commendable appears to be that for the erection of a Memorial Church at Constantinople. If, as there is reason to hope, one of the effects of the late war will be to let in the beams of Western civilisation upon the darkness of Moslem superstition, the dedication of a temple for the worship of God, according to the rites of His Reformed Church, will be a more touching and a more significant record of the war than even MAROCHETTI'S granite lions upon the heights of Scutari.

One of the greatest events of the week has been decidedly the Grand Naval Review at Spithead. As a display of naval power it was sublime, and as a vindication of the power of England when her enemies were spreading about a belief that she has become nerveless and effete, it was a most salutary piece of statesmanship. People are not yet tired of laughing at the mishaps of those members of the Legislature who attempted to witness the review. It was indeed a master-stroke of incapacity to bring Balaclava to Southampton, and thus realise to the understandings of our Legislators those evils as to which they have been so obstinately sceptical. It is looked upon quite in the light of a judgment upon them, a retribution for their Crimean Commission and Chelsea Hospital Board of Inquiry.

We are sorry to perceive that the General Estimates could not be suffered to pass the Committee of the House of Commons without Mr. MONCKTON MILNES seizing the Museum item as a pretext for attacking Mr. PANIZZI. The poetical member for Pontefract professes a mighty regard for the interests of literature; but we think that he would consult the dignity of that craft, of which he elects himself the champion, much better, were he to abstain from

attacking a man who has really deserved so well of the world of letters as the new Chief Librarian of the British Museum. All that even Mr. MONCKTON MILNES could bring against Mr. PANIZZI was that he is a foreigner, and that he does his duty by the Museum; but we cannot understand either how the former objection can be a bar, or the latter otherwise than a recommendation for the post which he enjoys. We are happy to say that Mr. MILNES'S attack entirely failed of its object (if object it had), and that it gave opportunity for many of Mr. PANIZZI'S friends to do him justice by giving him the praise which is his due. Even the Speaker who (by a strange contradiction) seldom speaks, took advantage of the fact that the House was in Committee to make a speech upon the occasion.

The Crystal Palace Company have put forward their scheme for next year, and it has been received with very general approbation by all whom it concerns. There are to be three classes of tickets: Number 1, to admit the holder to the park and palace on all occasions excepting when the twelve concerts are given by the artists of the Royal Italian Opera; Number 2, to admit the holder upon all occasions (neither this nor the former ticket is transferable); and finally, Number 3, which is to be a transferable ticket, to admit the bearer to the twelve concerts and the flower-shows only. In this plan we think that the convenience of all classes of visitors has been thoughtfully cared for; and from what we hear of the number of applications already sent we think we may safely predict a brilliant season for the Crystal Palace. It may not be out of place to take this opportunity of enumerating the additional objects of attraction promised for the coming season. In the first place, there is to be a grand fête in celebration of the return of peace, to be held sometime during the present month; there are to be three great flower-shows; and the whole system of waterworks will be brought into play, including the lower basin, which contains about eighteen thousand jets. Inside the palace, many additional objects of attraction are offered. There is to be a new picture-gallery in the north wing, for the exhibition and sale of modern paintings; there is to be a naval museum, for the purpose of illustrating the state of naval science in all the maritime nations in the world. As an appendage to the former, there will be a collection of engineering models, illustrating the science of civil engineering; the Gallery of Inventions will be greatly enlarged; a Ceramic Court will be formed, for the display of pottery and the choicest porcelain; and arrangements are to be made for extending the accommodation for exhibitors, who are to be encouraged to come at "a nominal rent." Such excellent arrangements certainly merit, and we hope they will achieve, success.

Among educated persons it is looked upon as a singular illustration of the intellectual condition of the age, and a very curious specimen of the fruit of all our education movements and schemes for the mental improvement of the people, that Mr. JELLINGER SYMONS should be permitted by the leading journal to go on worrying the world with his strange speculations as to the non-rotation of the moon. If, like his predecessors, he had been driven to the expedient of a pamphlet, he probably would have taken counsel with some competent friend before he published the crudities with which he has certainly contrived to confuse the inexperienced. We half suspect that by this time Mr. SYMONS begins to appreciate the true position which he has so rashly assumed; for we notice an endeavour on the part of his friends to spread abroad a belief that the dispute is, after all, not about principles, but about words. The *Literary Gazette*, for instance, avows its belief that, while the astronomers are in the right, the Inspector of Schools is not wrong; that it is, after all, but a mere logomachy, or quarrel about words; and, finally (this is the richest joke of all), that, although Mr. SYMONS is quite right in asserting that the moon does not rotate upon her axis, in the ordinary sense of the term, the astronomers are equally correct when they declare that she does so in a *dynamic sense*. We have certainly heard of a "Parliamentary sense," meaning the construction of a word in a manner peculiarly contradictory to its usual signification; but how real non-rotation can become rotation in a *dynamic sense* we are quite at a loss to understand. The fact is, this is not a dispute about words; it is a dispute

about facts. Mr. SYMONS has made a blunder, which he has frequently made before; and now, like the cuttle-fish, he is endeavouring to make his escape beneath a cloud of ink.

When Mr. HOPKINS, the eminent Cambridge mathematician, thought it necessary to disclaim any participation in Mr. SYMONS'S views, he stated that the fallacy of the non-rotation of the moon appeared at certain intervals almost as regularly as the satellite herself. This statement was ingeniously converted by Mr. SYMONS into an admission that the rotating theory had been frequently "doubted;" whereas all that Mr. HOPKINS stated was that every now and then there appeared a Mr. JELLINGER SYMONS, just as there occasionally appears some one or other who predicts a millennium, or disputes the rotundity of the earth, or denies the existence of a First Cause. Such "doubters" cannot be considered as at all affecting the stability of proved truths, but only as affording curious illustrations of the eccentricities of the human intellect. It is curious, however, to trace the regular recurrence of these *bizarries*, and we have collected a few notes upon the history of this particular *lunatic fallacy*.

The invention of the telescope was soon followed by the discovery that the moon always presents the same hemisphere (with very slight variations) towards the earth, and the deduction followed as a consequence that her revolution round the earth and rotation round her own axis must be coincidental. Who this was first promulgated by is not known with certainty, but it was probably by GALILEO. At any rate GALILEO was aware of the moon's rotation, though HEVELIUS was the first to explain the libration in longitude, by the equable motion of the moon, in connection with the unequal period of her revolutionary motion. HEVELIUS lived from 1611 to 1688, and GALILEO died in 1642. In 1747 JAMES FERGUSON, the Scotch astronomer, published "An Essay on the Moon's turning round on her own Axis," not apparently as an answer to any publications denying the rotation, but to dispel doubts which he had heard expressed upon the subject. The objections started in this pamphlet and their refutations are precisely similar to those used by Mr. SYMONS and his respondents. In 1748 there appeared "An Answer to Mr. Ferguson's Essay," &c., by an anonymous hand; but it does not seem to have had much weight, for FERGUSON did not condescend to reply to it, and it has never been referred to, either directly or indirectly, in any subsequent work on astronomy. From that time forward there occasionally appeared anonymous pamphlets, denying the rotation of the moon; but astronomers do not appear to have considered any of them deserving of reply, and they severally disappeared very shortly after their publication. But in 1847 the fallacy assumed a very rampant aspect, for two champions appeared simultaneously upon the field. In the first place, there was a certain "F. L.," who published in Edinburgh "An Examination of the Astronomical Doctrine of the Moon's Rotation," in an octavo pamphlet of sixty-six pages, with nine diagrams. The other objector was Mr. HENRY PERIGALL, jun.—a gentleman well known for his researches on kinematic curves, who, at the soirée of the Royal Society in that year, started theories and exhibited apparatus intended to disprove the belief in the moon's rotation. It was very soon demonstrated that both the theory and the experiments of Mr. PERIGALL were founded upon a total misapprehension of the possibility and nature of rotation about an axis *fixed in the rotating body, but moveable in space*. The only notable convert made by Mr. PERIGALL was (by a curious coincidence) the editor of the *Literary Gazette* (see *Lit. Gaz.*, Feb. 20, 1847.) From that time to the advent of Mr. JELLINGER SYMONS, the subject appears to have been shelved; or, at any rate, the opponents of the received theory did not obtain any audience for their views. It is true that since Mr. SYMONS has made a stir about the matter, it appears that a Mr. EVAN HOPKINS, the author of a work on geology, supported the non-rotation of the moon in his preface to that book. The nature of the arguments used by Mr. HOPKINS may be gathered from the following extract:—"Rotation is not necessary to produce a spheroidal figure, as may be observed on reference to the moon, which does not rotate on an axis, but simply revolves round the earth as if she were a portion of a ring." We do not know whether Mr. SYMONS will be inclined to accept this explanation of the non-rotating theory; but, at any rate, it is quite as good as that which compares the moon to a sphere fixed on the end of a rod

and moved with the earth—a theory which would compel the moon to whirl round with the earth once in twenty-four hours.

We have received a programme of the Worcester Society of Arts, a society which seems calculated to assist the spread of the liberal arts throughout the community, by affording an extended market to the artist, and a direct means of communication between the producer and the purchaser. The society announces its readiness to receive from artists themselves, and from them only, works of art intended for exhibition. If for sale, the price is to be affixed to the object; and, to avoid the pernicious system of bargaining, the society expresses a hope that the price affixed will be the only acceptable price, which is to include the price of the frame. The society reserves to itself the right of rejecting any works of art which may be considered not eligible for exhibition. Upon all works sold during, or in consequence of, the exhibition of the society, a commission of five per cent is charged by the society. To give some idea of the favour with which the artistic world appear to look upon this scheme, it may be mentioned that the statistics of the society for 1855 exhibit a marked increase upon those of 1854. In the latter year 95 artists contributed 211 works of art, of which 32 were sold for sums amounting in the aggregate to 355*l.*; whereas last year 155 artists exhibited 330 works, of which 47 were sold for 697*l.* Though not, strictly speaking, a proper subject for this summary, we have thought it right to notice it here, in order to give it that prominence which its importance seems to deserve.

We have to acknowledge a communication from M. NOTTELE, upon the subject of a review of his work entitled "The French Language Simplified," which lately appeared in these columns. M. NOTTELE points out that in the examples selected to illustrate his system of expressing the French pronunciation by English words an error in typography has occurred. Instead of "Tour-kneel-doe" for *tournez le dos*, the pronunciation, according to M. NOTTELE, should stand "Tour-knell-doe." Now, with all due respect to M. NOTTELE, we do not see that this mends the matter very much. Would not "tour-nail-doe" (the *naïl* not given very expressively) convey a better notion of the true pronunciation? However, as M. NOTTELE declares that this system can only be recommended when the force of example, as supplied by a master, is unattainable, and seems to admit that it is at best but a *pis aller*, we do not think that the difference between us is very material.

A lady correspondent favours us with a long letter upon the movement which we lately referred to for the emancipation of woman and the

amendment of the marriage-law. We are glad to perceive that our fair correspondent gives us credit for loyalty towards the sovereignty of the sex, and believes that we will not suffer our opinion to be warped by any narrow prejudice. It is precisely for this reason that we view with sorrow and alarm the ill-considered endeavours of those rash and thoughtless women who would hastily disturb a system which really produces such a vast preponderance of happiness. This is what these revolutionary ladies overlook; perfection is unattainable, and we must therefore be satisfied with the greatest possible good. As we said before, it is easy to make out a hard case for the wives by carefully collecting a number of exceptions—for exceptions the ill-used ones undoubtedly are; but it would be no less easy to make out a case the other way, by describing the sad plight of those husbands who are ill-used by their spouses, who are stabbed and beaten by viragos, whose fortunes are dissipated by spendthrifts, whose domestic happiness is blighted by drunkards, and whose honour is destroyed by unfaithful women. Our correspondent cites the case of a lady whose husband will not allow her any money to spend, and who is compelled to adopt subterfuges in order to obtain it. We are quite ready to admit that this must be very inconvenient to the lady in question; but we cannot see how the Legislature can prudently interfere in such a case. A little foresight before marriage, or a little judicious remonstrance after, or even the prudent intervention of sensible friends, might have set the matter right long ago; but, if all these have been ineffectually tried, we really do not see how the allowance of pin-money can be rendered compulsory, without settling the precise amount—and that would not be easy. Altogether we cannot derive from the communication of our correspondent any argument that at all tends to modify our opinion as to the extreme injudiciousness of interfering with the relations of man and wife as now settled by law. We repeat that the slender support which the petition for the emancipation of woman received from married ladies themselves is a very sufficient proof that it was viewed with indifference, if not with suspicion; and when we find ladies who are already separated from their husbands agitating for such an alteration of the law as would tend to loosen the strict bondage of the marriage chain, we are not surprised that their efforts are regarded with distrust.

The announcements of the fortnight are not very numerous. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co. announce a work by the Chevalier BUNSEN, which is likely to create a great deal of interest. It is to be called "Signs of the Times," and will contain the views of this eminent diplomatist and

polished litterateur on the dangers to religious liberty in the present day. The subject certainly opens quite a new field to the historian of Egypt and the author of "Hippolytus and his Age"—unless, indeed, it has any connection with his work on "The Church of the Future," published in 1848. The translation is to be executed by Miss WINKWORTH, author of the "Life of Niebuhr," with the approbation of the Chevalier BUNSEN.

Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce a novel by Miss MARRYAT, to be called "Henry Lyle." Messrs. LONGMANS have in the press a "Manual of Scripture History," by the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, designed as a text-book for religious instruction in schools and families. Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT will shortly issue Mr. C. J. ANDERSON's account of his four years' exploration in the wilds of South-Western Africa, and SELINA BUNBURY's journal of her "Summer in Northern Europe." Some other works are immediately forthcoming from the press; but we have announced them before.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting some portions of the forthcoming account of the American Expedition to Japan. Judging from what we have seen, it will be a work of great excellence and magnitude, and will certainly stand at the head of all the literature which we at present possess upon the subject of Japan. Arrangements have been made so that it may appear in London, published by Messrs. TRUEBNER and Co., simultaneously with its appearance at New York.

The return of peace seems to give powerful impetus to the periodical press. Cheap papers are springing up like mushrooms around us; and no sooner do we chronicle their birth, when lo! they die and pass away into the spacious limbo of failure. The vitality of a periodical is astonishing. We now hear that the *Idler* is not to die, although that event seemed quite certain at the time we announced it a fortnight ago. It has now (so it is said) become the property of a highly respectable firm in Paternoster-row, and is to go on under quite new management, and with, we hear, a new staff of writers. The most violent changes are daily taking place in the proprietorship of the organs of public opinion—so violent occasionally that, if we are correctly informed, the transfer of a weekly journal, which once held its head high, but has lately been starved to the verge of extinction, could not be effected without a pitched battle between the *employés*. Another weekly paper has passed into the hands of an active theatrical manager, whose extraordinary career has not unfrequently been compared to that of Barnum—*absit omen!* L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Political Life of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart.: an Analytical Biography. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THESE volumes come as a fitting prelude to those memoirs of their subject which are announced as on the eve of publication. Scarcely could such a prelude have been entrusted to one more competent than Mr. Doubleday. It is like attracted to like: it is the speculative economist sitting in judgment on the kindred spirit of the practical economist. The difference between Mr. Doubleday and a man like the late Sir Robert Peel is merely the ordinary difference between the man of theory and the man of action: between the man who plans and the man who performs. The former will conceive the best system, and expose best the defects of an imperfect system; but his specious generalities will always be open to the inherent flaws of all paper constitutions. It will not therefore follow that, because the practical economist fails to satisfy speculative axioms, he is so far out in his reckoning as the speculative economist infers him to be. Rules like books, in Lord Bacon's language, teach not their own use, and are virtually useless until they be hedged in by experience. It is therefore quite possible, and even probable, that every public act of a man's

public life may break some rule of science, of order, and even of conventional morality, and yet be justifiable, or, at least, intelligibly excusable and consistent, as the practical necessity of special and peculiar circumstances. It is true that such an apophthegm shocks sensitive consciences, and rests on the delicate and debateable ground that lies between honesty and expediency; but it is no less true that acts which, from personal motives, would be scouted in all decent society, assume something of a defensible, and even laudable, complexion when they are traceable to none but public motives; and in such a case a man's principles seem to be unscathed by the errors of his judgment.

There never was a life that stood more in need of some such posthumous palliatives than that of the second Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Doubleday declares it to be, and destined to remain, in many respects an inscrutable enigma. Yet the worst that can be said of it is that it resembles most public lives in having no consistent beginning, middle, or end. It is the life of a man who acted as most men act, according to the Horatian rule, of adapting themselves to circumstances, rather than attempt vainly to adapt circumstances to themselves. Consistency is a high virtue, but by no means the highest. On the contrary, it is utterly inconsistent and incompatible with the theory and facts of progressive enlightenment.

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.

Why do we persist in wondering at and reproaching the man whose opinion to-day is different from what it was yesterday, and from what it will be to-morrow? It may be prudent to limit, but it cannot be immoral to pursue an investigation to infinity, especially if the investigation be, as most moral and political investigations are, by nature infinite. The principles of politics are essentially as variable as the circumstances to which they are applied, and are properly dressed in the garb of the season. If ever the *nil admirari* be a safe rule, surely it is such in such a case.

In these obvious remarks we think will be found the solution to the enigma which puzzles Mr. Doubleday; but we record gladly an unfeigned and unqualified admiration of his work. It is deep, learned, and a mine of suggestive political wisdom; hard reading it must be owned, and full of knotty problems concerning suspended cash payments, depreciated currency, and free trade; but a fine rock for a man to break his mind against, if he turn to it as Byron thought of turning to Arabic. But such matters are the gist of a work which treats exclusively of the public life of the greatest modern high priest of English political economy.

In truth, the political life of Sir Robert Peel is emphatically the political and social history of

England during the first half of the nineteenth century; and a history of England during that period might perhaps more fittingly receive such a title than that of the reigns of the sovereigns who have governed the country during that time. All constitutional government is in fact the government of ministers; and the history of ministries is the modern political history of England. It is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of such a history; and they who care to study the future—as it can alone be studied profitably—from the analogies and data of the past will do well to pause, as we propose to do, over these volumes by Mr. Doubleday.

The last years of the eighteenth century are memorable in English history for the counter-reaction in favour of liberalism, which followed the oligarchical revolution of 1688. That revolution checked the democratic tendencies of the nation at nearly the same point where they were checked on the accession of Cromwell, and again on the accession of Charles II. The nobles governed the country for a century, with little interruption or comment from the people, who found their interests sufficiently identified with the former as to the great principles of personal security of life and property, to make them indifferent to the grand juggle by which Government was transferred alternately from Tories to Whigs. One fact was always apparent, that, whether Walpole or Grenville was in power, it was still the aristocracy that ruled. At length the panic of the French Revolution gave a long supremacy to the most conservative of two parties which were both essentially conservative; and the long reign of Pitt, followed by the still longer reign of Perceval, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Eldon, conjointly, raised the English oligarchy to a maximum of irresistible empire.

But an influence of an opposite nature sprang contemporaneously from the first French Revolution—an influence which, although denounced as Jacobinism, was the parent of 1832, and of all that the Reform Bill has effected. This spirit was not Jacobinical, radical, destructive, nor in fact rightly named by any similar epithet. Its object was not to subvert, but to widen and enlarge the circle of civil government; and it aimed not so much at political changes as at social improvements. They who supported it called themselves practical philanthropists; they who opposed it termed its supporters, in their mildest phraseology, Utopian legislators. They were known generally by the name of the Economists; and their views came definitely before the world for the first time in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Such was one influence that threatened the two great conservative parties of Whigs and Tories. But another had arisen simultaneously with the rise of the Economists, in the great manufacturer-princes of the North. The manufacturers resembled the Economists as the practical man resembles the theorist. Their views were identical for the most part; but the manufacturers looked solely to their own homes and the consolidation of their actual interests: the Economists, less selfish, but more extravagant in their policy, looked some distance on into the prospective interests of society.

Such were the three great parties (or four, if Whigs and Tories be counted as two) who governed England when Sir Robert Peel began his political career. Two were ancient and immemorial in their antiquity—namely, the two great parties who were severally Tories in office and Whigs in opposition. But these parties were more properly one—one in principle, in conduct, and in interest, and differing only as the Colonna and Orsini differed at Rome.

To this party there now rose in opposition the timocracy of the manufacturers, and the science of the philosophers or philanthropists. It would be hardly correct to deem or to term this duplex opposition a popular antagonism against the two great oligarchical parties. The nation was weary of the latter; but it was patient and apathetic, as it has always been except under palpable and severe oppression. Life and property were secure; commerce, although restricted by protection and burdened by taxation, was yet prosperous; and then, as now, the people, not yet excited by demagogues, and careless or despairing of obtaining a real share in the government, took little interest in the selfish agitation of the manufacturers, or in the abstract philanthropy of the Economists.

But now Sir Robert Peel came on the stage—a first and indisputable heir of the new system of

parties. His position was perplexing; but his conduct was the intelligible and natural result of his position.

Heir to one of the richest of English manufacturers—who, sprung from the people, and owning vast wealth, which he had learned to rate at its true value, as the dear produce of the sweat of his brow, was necessarily a conservative and ready to become an oligarch—how could the second Sir Robert Peel avoid being at the outset of his career a staunch conservative Tory-Whig of the most Tory school? But if the first Sir Robert Peel, the Rodolph of his race, notwithstanding all his recollections of those early popular sympathies in which his infancy was steeped, transmuted his liberalism to conservatism exactly as his poverty was transmuted to wealth; it was apparently necessary that the second Sir Robert, as a distinguished pupil of the University, Oxford, where Toryism never forfeited its supremacy, should be more than ultra-Tory.

Yet he was not so, not even when he entered Parliament at twenty-one. Highly educated, although never an original thinker; never, from the constitution of a highly unimaginative and exclusively acquisitive and adaptive mind, capable of becoming an original thinker; he was always to the last peculiarly impressionable, and peculiarly accessible to new and enlightened ideas. From the first he yearned towards the Economists; and, in the lapse of years, he instinctively drew more and more closely to them. Nor could he be insensible to the claims of that great class of master operatives whence he drew his lineage and his wealth. The spirit of his father's counting-house linked him through life indissolubly to that people from which he was but one step removed. He felt more and more, as life advanced and thought ripened in him, that he belonged to them far more than to that cold, disdainful, and exclusive class which he entered as the son of a *parvenu*, and by which even his great wealth was never considered altogether an equivalent for his genealogical demerits.

In truth there never was a life which will better repay the profound study of the moral metaphysician, the philanthropist, and the political economist, than that of the late Sir Robert Peel. There is something inexpressible and inappreciably touching in the spectacle of that accomplished scholar and bland young gentleman—fresh from the University, fresh from his father's manufacturing district; redundant of classics; equally redundant of cotton converted into capital and revenue; historically versed in the past; keenly observant of the phenomena of the present; but utterly unendowed with prescience of, or insight into, the future—standing on the threshold of his career, and taking the irreparable plunge from which he was only to reascend covered with opprobrium, derision, and never-dying hatred. He was a good young man; an earnest young man; a deserving young man; a promising and accomplished young man; above all, a very rich young man. He was very anxious to do what was right, according to the light that was in him; but he succeeded only in doing what was wrong. It was a sad affair, a very sad affair indeed, but not very uncommon in young men; and, if Christian charity or human-hearted sympathy were as widely practiced as they are loudly vaunted, it is probable that the upholders of consistency at all price—no matter comparatively whether there be deliberate folly or deliberate villany, as long as there is consistency, consistency ever—it is probable that the good, the respectable, the virtuous and the consistent would have abated something of the stoical fortitude with which they still execrate or commiserate the late Sir Robert Peel's imbecility of character.

He took the plunge:

Verterit hunc dominus: momento turbant exit
Marcus Dama! Papæ!

The double first-class manufacturer's son, accomplished in Aristotle, equally accomplished in Newton, and heir to thirty-five thousand per annum, made his first appearance on any public stage as an orthodox Tory of the Pitt and Eldon school. Probably he did not think much about what he was doing, but, like a true Aristotelian, followed paternal example and educational habits, to say nothing about temporal interests. But the Nemesis attended him, and, from the first, lashed him with the scourge of an intellect that was ever rising into involuntary rebellion against his party principles. It was little satisfaction to his friends, or

consolation to himself, that for long he did not halt between two opinions on fundamental principles of policy; and that, like a good Protestant Conservative, he conscientiously opposed Catholic emancipation, Irish claims, and representative reform. Rigidly orthodox on principles which he had not examined, he became alarmingly heterodox on principles which he had examined, and the development of which he felt to be his peculiar province and duty. The Economists were opening a new era in finance; and Mr. Peel's mercantile philosophy sympathized with them in their truths and in their fallacies. It must have been a sad blow for poor Lord Liverpool and for the subtle Chancellor when they heard and saw that their protégé was falling away to the dangerous illuminism of those forward young men of the *Edinburgh*—Mr. Peel, a young man so very sound and right in his general views. But the defection was apparent; and he who had delighted his coadjutors by the conclusive eloquence with which he had shown that Catholics ought still to be oppressed, and Ireland left to her *status quo*, was now chairman of the Bullion Committee, with heretics such as Horner and Ricardo.

Mr. Peel's conduct on this occasion was symptomatic of his character and subsequent life. He shared in the ill-advised measure which was founded on the report of the Bullion Committee, and, like the rest of the House, was led away by the sophistry which induced the disastrous resumption of cash payments. It is admitted now—as it was admitted by Mr. Ricardo before his death, and as it is proved elaborately by Mr. Doubleday—that the data on which that measure was founded were as wrong in theory as they proved pernicious in fact. That currency which the Economists had predicted would be affected by the measure only to the extent of five per cent. was affected nearly to the extent of fifty per cent. Ruin and bankruptcy became frightful and universal. It was found that contracts formed in one currency, when the bank note was deeply depreciated, were to be kept by payments in a currency of which the bank note was at par. The distress which followed this Bill was alleviated partly by the Small Notes Act; but it was long before the country recovered from this injudicious application of economical science to practical finance. The noticeable fact in the transaction, as far as it affected Mr. Peel, was, that his first desertion of his party was caused and marked only by his deliberate adoption of erroneous financial principles, which had afterwards to be repudiated by the advanced Economists who had proposed and carried them. PHILO.

(To be continued.)

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMONG the Nonconformist divines of our age, no name is more conspicuous than that of the late Dr. Wardlaw. After a long career of Christian usefulness, he departed this life in December 1853, and we are now presented with a memoir of him, drawn up by one who knew him well, at the request of his near relatives and friends. This is entitled *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.* By WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.)—Of the manner in which the biographer has executed his task much might be favourably said; but the best proof that the work has given satisfaction lies in the fact that, although a bulky volume, it has already, within a few weeks, reached a second edition. Readers who may expect to find in it a work of equal interest with the life of Dr. Chalmers will be much disappointed. Dr. Wardlaw was a profound theologian and a distinguished preacher; but he moved in a more circumscribed circle, and exercised a far less influence upon society at large than the great man, his contemporary, whom we have just named. Besides which, "Dr. Wardlaw, on principle, kept no diary or journal, not even of the simplest kind, and though multitudes of his letters remain, yet they seldom contain anything about himself. This, which is characteristic of the man, with whom self was ever an object invariably postponed to other considerations, has cut off from his biographer a fruitful source of interest in works of this kind, and has impeded his path with many difficulties." Dr. Alexander has nevertheless contrived, from the materials at his disposal, to present him to us in something like a living shape, besides detailing for us "the history of his mental efforts, whether from the pulpit or the press." The main facts in his history are—that he was born at Dalkeith on the 22nd of December 1779; was educated at Glasgow University; determined at an early age to devote himself to the ministry; joined the Scotch Congregationalists; and was for fifty years

minister of West George-street Chapel, Glasgow. He took an active part in all the religious movements of his time, and was especially looked up to by the Congregationalists, not only of Scotland, but of England, as a sort of champion of their views. This was more particularly the case when, in the year 1839, he delivered a course of lectures in opposition to those of Dr. Chalmers on the benefit of Church Establishments, delivered in the previous year. Dr. Wardlaw's lectures on this occasion quite justified the choice of those friends who had put him forward as the antagonist of the illustrious Chalmers. We conclude with the following sketch of Dr. Wardlaw's personal appearance:—"Dr. Wardlaw was about the middle height. His frame was firmly knit; his limbs were symmetrically formed; and his whole figure bespoke vigour and activity. His head, which was not very large, was principally developed in the superior and anterior regions; his forehead was smooth and high, though not remarkable for breadth; and the general contour was graceful, and indicated refinement and intelligence rather than force or massiveness. The features of the countenance were regular, and their prevailing expression was benign and serious. Unusually bushy eyebrows cast a slight tinge of severity over the face, which only modified without destroying its general graciousness. The lips presented a striking and characteristic expression of combined suavity and firmness."

To the many biographies of Swedenborg recently published we have to add yet another, entitled *Swedenborg: his Life and Writings*. By WILLIAM WHITE. (London: White).—Mr. White's little volume is a very interesting one. It narrates all the principal facts in Swedenborg's life, explains his doctrine of correspondence, and the pretensions set up by him to an intercourse with the spiritual world. This power of spiritual vision which the disciples of Swedenborg claim for their master must always prove a main stumbling-block to his being recognised by sensible men as a great and wise teacher of mankind. Mr. White, in dealing with this part of his subject, is no more successful than his predecessors. For the rest, while we recommend his work as an interesting record of the greatest mystic of modern times, we by no means agree with the author in his conclusion—"that Swedenborg was, without exception, the most gifted and extraordinary man that has ever lived."

If we have treated rather contemptuously the numerous expositions of Apocalyptic prophecy lately offered to us, it was because there was no other course to pursue in reference to them, coming as they did from persons who wrote hastily, and without knowledge, upon the most intricate portions of Holy Writ. It is with a totally different feeling that we call attention to the following:—*The Prophecies of Daniel and the Revelations of St. John, viewed in their mutual relation; with an Exposition of the principal passages*. By CARL AUGUST AUBERLEN, Dr. Phil., Licentiate and Professor Extraordinarius of Theology in Basil. With an appendix by M. FR. ROOS. Translated by the Rev. ADOLPH STIER. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark).—To give a summary of the contents of this remarkable volume would far exceed our limits. We must therefore be content with stating that Dr. Auberlen takes great pains in the first instance to establish the authenticity of the book of Daniel, in opposition to the views of his Neologian fellow-countrymen, and then proceeds to show the relationship between the two great Apocalyptic books of the Old and New Testaments. The author, while he displays great learning, contends that something more than learning—namely, a special sanctification—is required to ascertain their meaning. "Such books," he says, "are written only for those who have apprehended by faith and spiritual understanding the sense of what is taught in the rest of the Divine word. They are full of stumbling-blocks to the common reader. The Apocalyptic books are not for us so long as we are satisfied and rich in the world, so long as we do not yearn, with our inmost soul after the more perfect, yea, after the personal coming of the Lord himself. Only the Lamb that was slain could open the book with the seven seals: none can read its mysteries but he to whom the world is crucified."

A valuable addition has just been made to the list of works on Scripture topography by the publication of the following:—*St. Paul and his Localities in their past and present condition, as lately visited by JOHN ARROX, D.D.* (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.).—Dr. Arrox became favourably known a few years ago as the author of a volume of travels, entitled "The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope," in which work he showed himself to be a clear-sighted observer and a writer possessing no ordinary descriptive powers. In point of style his new work is an improvement upon its predecessor, while it possesses the additional advantage of associating the life and labours of the great Apostle of the Gentiles with the wanderings of a modern pilgrim. The plan of the work is in a great measure new. "An adequate description," he says, "of the places St. Paul preached at, as they were in his days and as they are in our own, has not hitherto been given by any traveller in a condensed and consecutive form, or by anybody at a price within the reach of ordinary readers. Conybeare and Howson have in a late and large work collected a vast store of learning and of biblical criticism; and

they have combined with it much geographical detail as to both the ancient and modern condition of the localities of St. Paul; and Mr. Lewin has recently published a singularly-successful narrative, with corresponding allusions to all the places St. Paul visited. But, while these eminent authors are evidently gifted with competent learning and piety, and with industry seldom equalled in the annals of sacred literature, not having travelled in the East they could only consult at home the ordinary printed sources of information conveniently within their reach; and thus, simply because they had not traversed the track, they were comparatively destitute of fit opportunities for their task. In other words, all borrowed descriptions of places never seen by the describer, however elaborate they may be, are comparatively dreamy, fanciful, and fictitious." Being aware of this, Dr. Arrox, when setting out upon his travels, resolved to tread as much as possible in the footsteps of the holy Apostle, and describe each locality from his own actual observation, commencing at Tarsus, where the Apostle was born, and thence tracing him from place to place onward to Rome, where he was beheaded. In this way the author has produced a work interesting and valuable in a double sense—first, as a record of the Apostle's life, and next as a contribution to Biblical topography. We heartily wish it a wide circulation.

Passing from the topography to the ethnology of Scripture, we have, *The Genesis of the Earth and of Man: a Critical Examination of Passages in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, chiefly with a view to the solution of the question, whether the varieties of the human species be of more than one origin; with a Supplementary Compendium of Physical, Chronological, Historical, and Philological Observations relating to Ethnology*. Edited by REGINALD STUART POOLE, M.R.S.L., &c. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black).—The title of this work, which was previously printed for private circulation two years ago, fails to express the author's conclusion with respect to the important subject under discussion. That conclusion is in opposition to the generally-received view of the unity of the human race. There is nothing new in this, since it is one that has been often arrived at by other writers. Those writers, however, in maintaining their opinion, have for the most part conceived themselves to be acting in antagonism to Holy Writ. And there is this much at least new in the present treatise, that the author endeavours to support his hypothesis by the authority of Scripture itself. So far indeed is he from impugning the testimony of Scripture on such a point, that he even favours the idea of verbal inspiration. No one, therefore, need be afraid of having his religious belief undermined by embarking with him in this discussion. Mr. Poole, in a graceful preface to the work, observes of it: "This essay presents a theory equally consistent with ancient history, both sacred and profane, with tradition and with ethnology; and is in this respect different from any hitherto proposed. Most of the ethnologists, whether they hold the unity or the plurality of races, abandon or pervert the Bible history, while the Biblical scholars, with the same injustice, generally refuse to accept, or even examine, the deductions of ethnology. No one has before arrived at results harmonising Biblical history with ethnology, and both with the deductions of the study of profane history and tradition. Much less has any one propounded a scheme so minutely consistent with the past history and the present distribution of man as that of the following work. Besides explaining the causes of the diversity of races, it traces the history of each from its source, and thus shows the reason of the prevalence in distant countries of particular forms of idolatry and peculiar superstitions,—characteristics more durable than even language in some historical examples. The remarkable manner in which its theory thus elucidates the beginnings of history is perhaps the strongest evidence in its favour." To this we have only to add, that both the learning and candour of the author entitle him to a fair hearing from all "who will concede that the Bible is not rightly understood when it is made to be at variance with facts and science."

SCIENCE.

Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. By the Rev. JAMES McCOSH, LL.D., and GEORGE DICKIE, A.M., M.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1856.

The work before us, as the title indicates, has an especial theological object in the arrangement of the scientific facts brought before the reader's notice. We must therefore treat the subject from the same point of view. The cause to be defended is one of high importance; all the physical sciences bring their crowd of witnesses, and the eloquent advocate demands his verdict of the jury impanelled in the trial of truth. After considering the order which prevails in the material world—after analysing minutely the action and reaction of the laws which uphold the vast fabric of creation—we come to the nature and

need of special adjustments. The author thus beautifully and ably treats the subject:—

There seems to be no such thing as absolute rest in nature. We are impressed with the fickleness of the winds and the restlessness of the waves; but the truth is, every other object is infected with the same love of change. There is, probably, no one body in precisely the same state, in every respect, for two successive instants. We think that we are stationary, but, in fact, we are being swept through space at a rate which it dizzies the imagination to contemplate. Every object in nature seems to have a work to do, and it lingers not as it moves on in the execution of its office. It exists in one state and in one place this instant, but it is changing meanwhile, and next instant it is found in another state, or in another place. But there is an equilibrium established among these ever-moving forces, and the processes of nature are made, like the wind, to return according to their circuits. So far as inductive science has been able to penetrate, it would appear that the active physical powers of the universe consist of a number of forces, or rather we should say properties, each with its own tendency or rule of action, and yet all intimately connected the one with the other, that is, correlated. I wave my hand in the air, and in doing so I set mechanical power a-working. "The motion," says Mr. Grove, "which has apparently ceased, is taken up by the air, from the air by the walls of the room, &c., and so, by direct and reacting waves, continually communicated, but never destroyed." The production of mechanical power may be more distinctly seen if the hand is employed to move a machine. Mechanical power, it is well known, generates heat, and this heat, according to Mr. Joule, is in proportion to the mechanical power exercised. Heat may lead to chemical action, as where bodies are decomposed by a rise in the temperature. Chemical action is always accompanied by electricity, and electricity may produce light, or galvanism, or magnetism. Galvanism, again, may have an effect on nervous or muscular action, and muscular action may produce mechanical power. Thus we have the various known (or rather perhaps we should say unknown) forces producing or exciting each other, according to laws which have not yet been fully determined. Nay, if we turn in upon organisms itself we shall find traces of a similar circuit; for whence the muscular action that originated the actions which we have mentioned? Tracing it inwards, we find it conducting us to the nerves and the brain. But the brain is not an inexhaustible, nor is it a self-filled fountain of physical power. On the contrary, if exercised in excess, it becomes deranged in all its functions, or exhausted. In order to restoration of power, it needs, as every one knows, nightly rest, and also sustenance; and, on inquiring into the source of this sustenance, we find that it is derived from without, from animals and plants. Again, animals are fed by other animals, and by plants, and plants by unorganised matter. The circuits are thus made to include all physical powers, organic and inorganic. All these forces, distinct from each other (as far as we know), but intimately correlated, are made to balance each other, and to run in circles.

The second book of this cleverly compiled work is devoted to the subject of the cellular tissue in plants and animals; and illustrations are given of those interesting objects which the microscope reveals to us. We go on to consider the traces of order in the organs and forms of plants, and a number of important botanical facts are collated. We proceed to the consideration of the special adaptation in the structure of the skeleton. Another chapter of peculiar interest treats of that beautiful link between the vegetable and animal kingdoms—the zoophytes, which are now so familiar to us in the Vivaria of the drawing-room. These endless forms of beauty, their fitness for the sphere of their existence, and the omnipresence of life that is, has been, and shall be again, fill the mind with awe.

Geology supplies us the medals of the past; the world history is written on stones; link by link we unite the chain which assures us of a Divine architect. On the subject of inorganic objects there is an excellent chapter, full of interesting matter. We next pass on to a consideration of "Order in the Movements of the Heavenly Bodies." Our limits do not permit us to dwell upon each division of this admirable little book. It is clearly and simply written, in a style well suited for the general reader. As a mere epitome of facts it is useful; as a generalisation of mental and physical science it is interesting; and in reference to the moral object which has suggested the plan, we think the authors have most ably and truthfully fulfilled their tasks. It is a book well suited for the youthful student of science, and those of maturer years will gladly refresh themselves with so perspicuous a résumé of philosophical discoveries. The concluding portion of this work is occupied by a consideration of metaphysical phenomena. We extract the

following passage, as illustrative both of the style of the writing and the object of the work:—

In human architecture we are pleased to see that the portico and the passage leading from it have often a homology to the temple itself. It is the same in the temple of God. . . . The whole of this method of procedure is in beautiful adaptation to the native tendencies and acquired habits of the mind of man. The skilful teacher is accustomed to instruct his younger pupils by means of signs, and pictures, and comparisons; it is thus that he conveys the idea of remote objects and abstract truths. In the simpler stages of society, mankind can be taught general truths only by symbols and parables. Hence we find most heathen religions becoming mythic, or explaining their mysteries by allegories or national incidents. The great exemplar of the ancient philosophy, and the grand archetype of modern science, were alike distinguished by their possessing the power of comparison in a high degree, and both have told us that man is best instructed by similitudes. "It is difficult," says the guest in the Statesman of Plato, "fully to exhibit greater things without the use of patterns." Lord Bacon, in more than one place, has declared, "As hieroglyphics preceded letters, so parables are older than arguments. And even now, if any one wishes to pour new light into any human intellect, and to do so expediently and pleasantly, he must proceed in the same way, and call in the assistance of parables." It appears, then, that God was acting in accordance with the nature which he had given us, in His method of instructing the early Church. In Bible history there are no myths; but real events are made as lively as myths, and convey far more important instruction. And even in Christian times this representative system has been felt by all, but especially by the simple and unlettered, to be a powerful means of imparting great vividness and picturesqueness to the inspired teaching. The truth is exhibited, not, as in systems of divinity, as a bare abstraction; not, as in the words of Scripture, by a phrase expressive enough, but still a mere counter, bearing no resemblance to that which it represents; but by a picture which the mind, as it were, sees before it. With such lively images before us, we feel as if we were walking amid living realities. We find, in particular, that the types of the Bible have ever been especial favourites with the "common people," who experience a difficulty in seizing an abstraction or in grasping a generalisation, but feel none in comprehending truths which are embodied in an incident, a person, or an ordinance.

We recommend this little book to those who wish to place in the hands of young persons a generalisation of scientific facts, which has for its end an especial object—the connection of natural and revealed theology. But we think, after all, that the cause of truth is better served by the more simple deductions of science, whereby the trinity of the good, the true, and the beautiful is realised and made manifest, than by forcing comparisons and straining after similitudes, which not unfrequently are capable of various applications.

The Mechanism of the Solar System and Astronomical Discoveries. By JOHN PHILLIPS. London: Holyoake and Co.

MR. PHILLIPS tells us that in 1849 "a magnificent truth dawned upon his mind: he had a glance at the constitution of the universe." The work before us professes to be an outline of the discoveries which our author made in consequence of that "glance," and the state of astronomical flatus of which it was the progenitor. To us the "glance" seems to have been especially clouded and indistinct—to have been, indeed, a sort of *mirage*, which has led its victim into a hopeless web of blunderings and absurdities. To justify this opinion, we shall produce a few of the many strange statements which this book (small as it is) affords. What are we to understand when Mr. Phillips tells us "the density (of Venus) is 1.04 when seen through a good telescope"? He surely should tell us what it becomes when viewed by the naked eye or an inferior telescope. Again, with a rashness as great as that of Mr. Jellinger Symons, our author tells us that "it is erroneous to suppose that the moon rotates on her axis, in the same time as she revolves round the earth;" for "the earth's attraction keeps one side of the moon turned towards it, and in this position makes the moon revolve in her orbit." Why, then, may we ask, does not the sun keep one side of the earth turned towards it? And how does Mr. Phillips reconcile this statement with his later one, that "small bodies, such as the moon, do not revolve on their axes, because there is not sufficient heat in them; they have parted with their internal heat by radiation"?

Further, we are told "that railway lines running north and south" are more dangerous than others; that "the inertia of a body is a motive

power;" that "the orbital motions of the planets arise from the sun's axial motion;" that "the reasoning of geometers with respect to the planetary perturbations, though elaborate, is erroneous." In a word, Mr. Phillips would wish us to believe that, though Newton, Flamsteed, Halley, Herschel, and a host of others may have been learned, thoughtful, and studious men, they were strangely in error, building up arguments upon unsound foundations, and regarding mere fanciful theories as facts.

Be it so; we shall be quite ready to so view the past when we see this position proved; but we must have some more substantial reasons for thus condemning to obscurity men and truths which we venerate and reverence than the absurd and ridiculous dogmas of one who, not content with attempting to account for the past, pretends to look into futurity and predict the destruction of the present system by "the cessation of the sun's axial motion, and the consequent return of its retinue of planets to their parent orb." To soberly criticise such visionary speculations would be somewhat akin to writing a careful analysis of Nat. Lee's mad rhapsody. We fully believe with Mr. Phillips in "his inability to publish a volume more worthy of the subject," and cordially join with him in regretting the same.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Italian Sights and Papal Principles. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, author of "Art Hints," &c. London: S. Low and Son.

Gleanings after "Grand Tour"-ists. London: Bosworth.

A Journey in the Sea-board Slave States. By T. L. OLMSTED, author of "An American Farmer in England." New York: Dex and Edwards.

Chamouni and Mont Blanc. By EUSTACE ANDERSON. London: Cornish.

Border Lands of Spain and France; with an Account of a Visit to the Republic of Andorre. London: Chapman and Hall.

OF Mr. Jarves and "Art Hints" we have never before heard. His name and works are strange to English ears, however famous in America. Nor is there much in the volume before us to recommend him to English readers. Italy is not the strange land to us that it is to our distant brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. There are few educated Englishmen who have not seen it, and romance and poetry are cherished by distance and destroyed by familiarity. We can well imagine, and we can envy, the sensations with which an American first sets foot in Italy, and how eagerly he notes down his impressions, and with what deep interest they are read by his friends and fellow-countrymen at home, whether destined to enjoy them only in fancy, or anticipating the delight of tasting for themselves. But in England, whence the autumn tourist goes forth for a ramble in Italy with as much facility as for a trip to our own lakes, there is no such audience for the traveller. All he can say is anticipated. He tells a twice-told tale, and only rare graces of narrative, or information *extra* the note-book of things seen, will recommend a tour in Italy to popularity here.

Mr. Jarves is an amusing writer, very observant, very graphic, having much taste, and manifestly well instructed in his own art, architecture. He is too poetical in strain sometimes, and always too rapturous. But he is never dull. He must have been an extremely pleasant companion, for he is good-humoured, cheerful, and easily pleased. Moreover, he is an artist: his drawings of public buildings, engraved on wood, and thickly scattered over his pages, being remarkable productions of the pencil, and sufficient to recommend the volume to many who would not care for the merits of the text. A few passages will exhibit his style.

Here is a curious feature of Florence the Fair which we do not remember to have noticed ourselves, or to have heard others notice.

PRETTY WOMEN, BEWARE!

There is another annoyance, which, as it is the exclusive property of pretty women, I mention, that they may go forewarned. It is as bad in many other European cities, but there is in it something more ludicrous at Florence than elsewhere. Fashion tells the ladies, with reason, that they must not walk. The streets, generally, are in too uninviting a condition for such an operation where skirts are to be employed; and Bloomerism has not yet made its advent here. Besides, it is apparent that they were intended only for carriages and beggars. There are a few places where

they might walk, were it not for the abominable habits of the male population. Foreign ladies frequently attempt it, and it is forgiven in them by the Florentines on the score of their being strangers and knowing no better. Old and ugly women can do it with impunity anywhere, at any time. But let a lady of even ordinary attractions attempt it by herself, or in company with others of her sex, and if she be not vexed, astonished, mortified, and amused before she regains her own roof, it will be because she proves an exception to an otherwise general rule. When she least expects it, some impudent clown or peasant suddenly pokes his ugly dirty face right under her bonnet, makes a mock kiss, cries "boo," or some such intelligible sound, or compliments her with a "cara" or some equally loving epithet, and walks innocently off, with his hands in his pockets, before her astonishment has had time to jump into indignation. If she escape these low vagabonds, she is sure to attract the race of gentlemen, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves by following ladies. The less impudent dog them at a distance, but near enough to let them know that every motion is watched and commented upon. The bolder pass and repass, to take a good stare; walk ahead, that they may return and meet them, saying flattering things in an under tone, with the intention of being overheard. The boldest come alongside, and let fly a complimentary volley without any compunctions, much amused if an inexperienced damsel involuntarily jumps aside at such an unlooked-for tribute to her attractions. There was one young Florentine who made himself quite conspicuous at this sort of pastime. He could speak a few words of English, and had a mania for running after foreign ladies, and launching upon their astonished ears the extent of his philological acquirements. His vocabulary was confined to a few flattering ejaculations. One day he overtook an English lady and her daughters. He was but a pint measure of a man, but he boldly gave chase, and, coming up, called out, "Very good," "very much pretty," "I like," "you handsome," rattling on as fast as his tongue would permit. First he would be on one side, then on another, now heading them, now sailing round, and cutting such absurd capers that the ladies could not refrain from smiling. This he took for encouragement, and plied his battery of admiration more vigorously than ever. The lady, at last arriving at her own door, suddenly entered, while he, more intent upon her than his own ways, pitched over a donkey, that laid him sprawling in the street. This, with a hint that a little birch would be applied to his skin the next time he ventured upon a similar experiment, cured him for a while; but the last I heard of him he was on the watch to waylay some American ladies as they descended from their carriages, popping up suddenly under their noses like a phantom, with his everlasting "very much pleased," and "charming ladies," from which amusement nothing short of a thorough drubbing is likely to cure him. The plain truth is, that a pretty lady, though safe from violence, is not safe from impertinence at any time of the day in Florence. Consequently she must keep a carriage if she would go out, so that whatever economy there may be in Florence, in other respects, over other capitals, it is, in the main, lost in the extra expense of horseflesh. Or, in other words, the difference of prices between Paris and Florence in the essentials of housekeeping enables one to keep a carriage in the capital of Tuscany.

Let us turn to

A SCENE IN THE CASCINE AT FLORENCE.

That old lady, with an ocean of rouge on her cheeks, now the Princess —, was formerly the wife of a Roman mechanic. The Prince fancied her charms, and she his money and titles. A bargain was soon struck, and the carpenter's spouse became the mother of princes—and a good mother she made. At last the carpenter was good-natured enough to die, and his wife became a legitimate princess by the superfluous ceremony of marriage. It is said in society here that her son remarked to a friend on that ceremony, when asked to go elsewhere, "Excuse me; you know I am engaged to attend my mother's marriage!" . . . Here drives up the Duke of —, a dashing, wild young fellow, and fond of scrapes of all sorts. See, he does not wait to descend by the steps, but jumps over the back of his carriage. He is married to the sister of King —, a woman possessed of many virtues and exemplary patience, though the public will have it that the wind does not always blow fair in their palace. The newspaper talk has been of a divorce, but it is nothing but talk, for they live as comfortably together as their rank will let them. She is an angel of mercy to the poor. . . . Who is that man with such a thin, fierce face, white hair, and long moustaches, which he is constantly twirling? He looks about him with a suspicious, uneasy glance. That is Field-Marshal Haynau, of Hungarian notoriety. He is living here incognito. He calls himself an abused man, both by the press and his government; for, as he told a friend of mine, he never ordered women to be whipped, though the laws of Austria required it. "They say," he added, "that I am a cruel man; but it is not so. I am a soldier, and have lived all my life in camps, and have the rough habits of a soldier, but I never committed any cruelty not required by my position."

I have friends who love me dearly, and there is not another general as popular as I am with the army." His friends assert that the Austrian Government used him for their own purposes in Hungary, and then sacrificed him to the public opinion of Europe as a sort of scape-goat for their own sins. Others say that he is an obstinate and troublesome officer; on one occasion hanging eighteen Hungarians that the Government wished to spare, and, on being reprimanded, allowing as many more to go free that they wished to have executed. However that may be, he walks and acts like a man conscious that he is under the ban of public opinion, and that it is a weightier load than he can well bear. . . . That family, divided between a carriage and horseback, is Charles O'Malley's, or, in other words, the wife and daughters of that prince of Irish wit and humour, Charles Lever. He sports fine horses, and is a capital fellow, as amusing in conversation as he is entertaining in books. He should go to America, to keep you serious Republicans in a roar of laughter, by way of enlivening your blood. That dreamy young man, so intimate with him, is a son of England's greatest literary lion. He is secretary to his uncle, the British ambassador, and has inherited all of his father's talent. That stout, handsome man, leaning on his cane, is the prince of harmony, Rossini, who, with fifty thousand a year, fears that poverty is coming upon him like a strong armed man. And now for the greatest lion of all—that magnificent-looking fellow, seven feet high, with the proportions of one of Michael Angelo's statues. He is a mechanic, and for a pension of five paus (fifty-five cents) per day, has sold his skeleton to the Academy of Medicine. They have bargained that he is not to leave Florence; but as he bids fair to live a half-century more, his bones will cost them dear, and few of the present generation will see them. They call him the living skeleton, by virtue of the bond. There is one other such a giant at Pisa, a shrewder chap, who has sold his frame to two different corporations. Won't there be a rattling among the dry bones when the two powers seek to enforce possession!

A different character belongs to the anonymous author of *Gleanings after Grand Tourists*. This, too, is the narrative of a tour in Italy, but by an Englishman of narrower mind than the American architect. We do not see with what purpose this volume was published, for it contains no novelty, either of observation or of reflection, and is not distinguished by any attractions of style. Perhaps it was the writer's main design to abuse Roman Catholicism; but that object is not accomplished with sufficient ability to justify the printing of it, for it is better done by half the speakers at Exeter Hall three times a week throughout the month of May. The publication of a tour in Italy might be excused in an American, for the reasons already stated; but an Englishman can scarcely hope to find an audience for such commonplaces as are collected in the pages before us. Two or three specimens will suffice.

OUR TOURIST SNEEZES.

We were, as I said, steaming endlessly along, when the opening door of the carriage, raising a little cloud of impalpable dust, treated me to an indulgence which I would not barter for all the "high toast," "Maccabaw," or "Lundyfoot," that ever titillated human nostril!—I mean a hearty and refreshing sneeze! I sneezed, once and again, loudly, sonorously, without restraint, and in most guiltless unconsciousness of doing aught remarkable or uncommon, and yet I doubt if a lighted catharine-wheel or exploded cracker could have excited a greater sensation than my stertoration seemed to produce in the railway-carriage through all its compartments, save those occupied by the "*Heretici Ingleses*." At the first explosion a portly priest opposite broke off his conversation with his neighbour to lift his hat courteously, to bow in my face, and utter what the expression of his face told me was a commiserating prayer; his neighbour regarded me compassionately, and did the like; ladies in full career of tongue paused, looked at me, at each other, crossed themselves quickly, and, "*miracolo!*" were silent for half a minute. The evident "sensation" lasted long enough to make me feel particularly awkward, under the consciousness that I had somehow committed a solecism, though of what nature I could not at all understand. It was not for some time after that I learned the true state of the case, in hearing that at some remote period Italy—the Venetian States in particular—had been desolated by a fatal plague (possibly that which occasioned the erection of the church of the "*Salute*"), of which the "premonitory symptom" had been violent stertoration, so that in time "it arrived" that a sneeze came to be interpreted as a death-warrant! or "passing-bell warning" to pray for a "soul sick unto death, or departing." Whether it is that the stertoratory organs of the Italians are ever since so peculiarly insensible or under command that a sneeze is a rarity—or, as is most likely, that the custom keeps its ground, though the reason for it has long passed away—certain it is that my yielding to this (to me) natural and refreshing convulsion of the nerves obtained for me the commiserating regards of a whole

railroad carriage, my unimpressible English companions alone excepted, who could as little as myself understand the demonstrative sympathy of the Italians around us.

The greatest novelty recorded in these gleanings was a Torchlight Visit to the Vatican, from which we take a passage:

We moved on through "Loggia" and "Galleria," familiar enough by day, but now showing strange and ghostly in the dubious and shifting glimmer of our lanterns. At the entrance of the Lapidarian Gallery we found the *custodi* of the Museum ready to attend us. We traversed this fitting avenue to the halls beyond, having its extent of wall covered, on the one hand, with the clear cut, classical, and *cheerless* epitaphs of the heathen dead, well confronted on the other by the primitive Christian's language of faith and hope in his death, carved in the rude gravings of men too earnest to be finical. At the further end of this street of tombs, the portals of the halls of statuary unclosed, and here the preparations for our illumination were completed by binding whole sheaves of long wax candles in bundles of about a dozen each. These bundles were placed in open lanterns, on long poles, having a dark side to interpose between the light and us. These the attendants bore in front, as the lictors may have been supposed to have heralded the Roman magistrates of old, and we moved on, marshalled by Mr. M—, the sculptor, who directed the whole. This gentleman, at intervals, called a halt, directed the light-bearers how to place themselves near particular statues and at different points of view, so as to give us, arranged at a distance, the best effects of light, shade, and drapery. During these pauses we were favoured with certain passages of profound sculpture lore, which would probably have edified us more if they had not been delivered with rather too much of the mannerism of a pedant and the monotony of a showman. But no amount of pedantry or formality could destroy the wondrous effect of the Vatican statues, contemplated at leisure without the interruption of crowds, and with light and shade so arranged as to impart to solid stone drapery an almost ethereal transparency, and giving to the noble Grecian or Roman profiles around the expression of all but breathing life!

He notes the various effects of different marbles as seen by torchlight:

The torch-bearers were so placed behind the Apollo and Laocoon as to be quite hid from the spectators. We saw but the rich glow from their lights thrown upwards and through the marble. I have occasionally read, but cannot profess to have understood, dissertations upon the different qualities of the ancient marbles of statuary, the "Pentelic," and "Parian," the "Greek and Italian." I am unable to enter into their qualities, but it is certain that there are differences observable even by an un instructed eye; for while one kind of marble presents on its surface a gritty and crystalline structure, another offers to sight as well as touch a compact flesh-like density, giving the appearance as well as reality of the highest finish; and yet it was this most seemingly dense marble which proved the most permeable by the strong torchlight held behind it, and allowed the imagination to realise most the idea of an etherialised body, luminous and glowing, in a light never vouchsafed to the eye of common visitors, and which better enables the beholder to take in the conception said to be embodied in the statue of Apollo as the "Python Slayer," when

Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting (?) ire.
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky.

I have borrowed these lines from Milman's prize-poem on the Apollo, and, doing so, venture to question the fitness of one, and but one, of the epithets in these polished couplets; "insulting" is scarce the term for the expression of the "heav'nly archer's" face; the consciousness of achieved conquest, and the ease of nerve and resistless power, are the prevailing characters of the countenance, while the term *insulting* seems low, and of the earth earthy—scarce worthy of the subject, or suited to the otherwise well-selected epithets of this short first-fruits of Mr. Milman's poetic taste and feeling.

Mr. Olmsted is the author of a very intelligent work, which attracted much attention in this country at the time of its publication, "*Notes of an American Farmer in England*." The same pains-taking research he has since employed in a similar review of the Southern States of the Union, investigating their social and economical condition with the same impartiality, and as frankly noting the faults he witnessed. But his report of his fellow-countrymen in the South is not likely to find favour with them. He calls himself "an honest growler," but, as he adds, "growling is sometimes a duty;" and where is such a duty more often imposed upon the traveller than in a visit to the "notoriously careless, make-shift, unperistent people of the South?" He viewed the country, however, as a Northern, with strong anti-slavery feelings. He was equally an ardent politician. "As a democrat, I went,"

he says, "to study the South—its institutions and its people; more than ever a democrat I have returned from this labour, and written the pages which follow." Nevertheless, he protests that he has been influenced by no partisan bias—"none, at least, in the smallest degree unfriendly to fair investigation and honest reporting." How far this protestation is to be relied upon we know not; but certainly he paints in colours sufficiently dark, adducing facts and figures in abundance to justify his conclusions, which are that slavery is not only a moral but a material blight, and that the Slave States would find its abolition positively profitable. This volume has more interest for American than for English readers; and therefore we make no extracts from it.

Mr. Anderson is one of the now numerous travellers who have ascended Mont Blanc. He has recorded his experiences of it in a little volume, more, we suppose, for the use of himself and his friends than with any hope of a public audience, already satiated with a theme that has lost all its novelty. It is a plain unadorned narrative, from which we take the description of the final triumphs at

THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.

In ascending the Corridor, the walking was so laborious I had not been able to look much about me; but when near the top, I perceived some one coming back, which proved to be Mr. O.K. Templer, who told me he had tried three times to get up the Mur de la Côte and failed, because his shoes were without nails: on this account he was obliged, although as fresh as ever, to return without accomplishing the ascent. Two guides turned back with him, and during his descent to the Grands Mulets, the following curious incident occurred, which he related to me upon my return to Chamouni. In crossing a crevasse, one of the guides went over first, and then assisted Mr. O.K. Templer to get over; they both sat down as usual, holding the rope in readiness to assist the other guide, who approached the crevasse, tried the snow bridge by poking his alpenstock into it several times, began chattering to the guide already across, and at last fairly turned round with his back to them, sank on his knees in the snow, and began praying; when he rose again he timidly approached the crevasse, and at length ventured on the bridge and took a jump, when Mr. O.K. Templer, who felt great contempt for his cowardice, gave the rope a pull that fetched him over like a shot. At the top of the Corridor I looked up, and it was with a feeling of awe that I beheld the enormous Dome or Calotte towering above me; at that moment a large cloud, borne swiftly along by the wind, was dashed against it, and it was hidden from our sight only to reappear in a short time in all its sublimity of outline.

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destin'd yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep felt awe forget,
The dream—the trance that wrapt me then!

Venance Balmat, my companion to the Grands Mulets, and another young guide, Venance Ducroz, now joined us (where they came from I can't tell, it seemed as if they had dropped from the skies, so sudden was their appearance), and the latter went first with his axe, in order to clear out and cut steps in the Mur de la Côte, which Mr. Templer and Mr. Williams had already surmounted. Near the foot of the Mur we passed a guide who was lying on the snow, too much affected by the rarefaction of the air to be able to proceed further. When I began to mount the Mur de la Côte all my fatigue left me; there was no side slipping here, nothing to do but to climb. We went nearly straight up, bearing a little to the right as we ascended, and were soon at the top—only stopping twice whilst Venance Ducroz rested for a short time. The dangers of this part of the ascent have been greatly exaggerated. In a short time we heard the guns firing at Chamouni for Mr. Templer, who was on the summit, and we saw Mr. Williams halfway up the Calotte. The Calotte, upon which there was much more ice than snow, was nearly as fatiguing to climb as the Corridor; I adopted the plan of counting fifty steps and then resting. A short way up we passed the "Petits Mulets" (small rocks cropping out of the Calotte) and then "Le dernier Rocher." Half-way up I met Mr. Templer, and near the top Mr. Williams, coming down, at which I was much vexed, for we ought certainly to have all assembled together on the summit; but this was the fault of the guides, who would not allow them to stay any longer. When close to the summit, it still appeared a long way off. Jean marshalled us in a row, we took hold of each other's arms, a little run of half a dozen steps, and we were there. I was surprised to find it consisted of a sharp ridge, running east and west, which we passed over. At the moment I set my foot upon the summit I heard the faint sound of a gun fired at Chamouni, and felt proud of my success. I had left my watch at Chamouni, but as near as I could judge it was about noon. During our ascent of the Mur de la Côte and Calotte,

the north wind was blowing violently, tearing up the icy particles and dashing them against our faces with cutting violence; but when we sat down on the Italian side of the ridge, we were sheltered from the wind and enjoyed the warmth of the sunshine: it was stepping from winter to summer in a moment. Jean Tairraz pointed out all the famous parts of the wonderful panorama by which we were surrounded, the most prominent being Monte Rosa, Mont Cervin, and the snow-crowned mountains of the Bernese Oberland; and in gazing over the broad expanse I felt repaid for all that I had undergone. From the badness of the arrangements we had no wine to drink a toast; but we shook hands and congratulated each other on our success, at which my two young guides, who had never been on the summit before, were delighted. Instead of the Champagne, I produced a pair of bracelets I had purchased at Montanvert for my wife, and here was at once a subject for conversation; the guides laughed, Jean Tairraz approved of the sentiment which had prompted me to carry them up with me, and gave it as his opinion that Madame would be very proud of the present. I then laid my head upon Balmat's lap and dozed for about five minutes, when the talking of the guides awoke me, and we prepared to descend, having been on the summit about half an hour. As I turned to leave, I felt a disagreeable sensation of dryness in my mouth, and in vain I rolled my tongue about, for it was like a stick, and I could not master up the smallest quantity of saliva; we rummaged all our pockets, and Jean found a prune and a small piece of dry bread, which somewhat relieved me.

The author of the *Border Lands of Spain and France* naively says in his preface, that if it be asked why he writes a book on a subject that is not new, and does not attempt to enter deeply even into that worn subject, he must say that it was "with no other view than that of affording amusement to some idle mornings in the country during the dreary season of an English autumn." We cannot accept such an excuse. A book may be written for the amusement of the writer, but undoubtedly it is printed for the use of others. Now a book produced with no other purpose than to amuse idle mornings has no title to the honour of type. By its author's confession it is unworthy, for nothing good can be produced without labour and thought. A book into which a man has not thrown his whole ability is an impertinence, for there are too many books to be read nowadays to justify the infliction upon readers of any that is not of the best. The world has no time to waste in listening to the production of an idle morning, which the author has not troubled himself to correct nor to improve.

And, truth to say, the writer of this volume has formed a just estimation of it. There is nothing new in it. He crossed the Pyrenees, visited the Basques, saw a bull-fight, took a peep at the proscribed races of the Cagots, wandered about the Catalonian mountains, and spent a few days in the Republic of Andorre, of the people of which he preserves an interesting sketch, which, as the most novel portion of his volume, we extract:—

THE REPUBLICANS OF ANDORRE.

The social condition of the Andorrans seems calculated to hand down without improvement, and at the same time to preserve without deterioration, the existing riches of the land. The influence of the Church exhibits that beneficial character which it will invariably assume, where the ambition of ecclesiastics is controlled by the civil power, and the popular mind is educated in the simplicity of pastoral life. The infidel predilections of Navarre are as alien to the character of this people as the social injustice and violence of Catalonia. The Andorrans, I may confidently state, believed generally the religion which they professed, and appeared, more nearly than any other people that I have ever visited, to carry out its precepts. They indulged in few theories, and in no controversies of theology: their faith was simple, but sincere. They regarded their ecclesiastical superiors with respect, but not with superstition: and those superiors appeared content with the exercise of a moderate influence over their flocks. I have dwelt upon this phase of the popular character of Andorre, because it exhibits a strong moral idiosyncrasy, in answer to the opinion which might be entertained, perhaps, on the part of some of my readers, that an insignificant people, surrounded by two great empires, could scarcely differ from their neighbours in any other circumstances than the mere empty forms of external government. I need scarcely observe, that the Andorrans, like other pastoral races, were very indifferent to the advantages of education. In each considerable village, indeed, a school had been established for the gratuitous instruction of the rising generation; and in one or two of them the first elements of Latin were communicated either to those who were designed for the service of the Church, or whose hereditary position had destined them to the government of the State. But the majority of the community could neither read nor write; and I be-

lieve that the inefficiency of the schools in this respect arose rather from their partial than their defective operation. The women were generally worse instructed than the men, not, indeed, as a Turk would have it, that, in the opinion of their masters, they had no souls, but that they were indifferent to an education which would not materially promote the duties of their lives. I should characterise the Andorrian women as gentle, industrious, and honest; French in the obliging civility of their manners, and Spanish in physiognomy and complexion. It is a peculiarity of their social constitution, that all the women of the same household live with one another on terms apparently of perfect equality; so that it is generally difficult to distinguish the mistress from the servant, whatever may have been the original difference of their condition. Every wife appears to regard her husband as her master, and to look up to him with a Turkish appreciation of his moral superiority. The sociability and benevolence of the Andorrans are among their leading characteristics. In their domestic life, they know of few distinctions of rank. The stranger, and the poor inhabitant of the valley, are similarly received into the houses of the landowner, admitted to the same fireside, and to the same repast, and furnished with shelter for the night. The political refugees of Spain and France, when forced to seek an asylum within the neutral territory, are invariably received with kindness and hospitality, but without inquisitiveness or curiosity. The privations of the poorer classes, and their sufferings in winter, are great; but these inevitable evils are mitigated by the active benevolence of the rich, which serves to perpetuate sentiments of reciprocal confidence and good-will. The condition of the mountaineers was, of all others, the most miserable and forlorn: they were shorn of the most essential comforts, while they were exposed to the most imminent dangers. Living in the dwellings which I have described in a former chapter, they were not seldom carried away by the storms of winter, or lost in wildernesses of mountain snow. But danger did not serve to diminish the national ardour for the chase; and the pursuit of the bear or the wolf, of the bouquetin or the ibard, formed the most inspiring sport of the whole population of the country. In this land of poverty and labour, the people were remarkable for their longevity. Men and women often lived to the age of a century. The air of Andorre struck me as peculiarly invigorating; but the character of the people pointed also strongly to the conclusion that labour and frugality were the true elixir that had been sought by men of old for the lengthening of human life.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Margaret and her Bridesmaids. By the Author of "Woman's Devotion." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Heirs of Blackridge Manor: a Tale of the Past and Present. By DIANA BUTLER. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

The Ring and the Veil: a Novel. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

John Halifax, Gentleman. By the Author of "The Head of the Family," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Diamonds and Dust: a Novel. 3 vols. London: Newby.

Tasso and Leonora. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: A. Hall and Co.

Glenmorven; or, Neddy Rectory: a Tale. By H. T. MULLIST. London: Hope and Co.

Claude de Vesci: a Tale. 2 vols. London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet-street.

A DWELLER in the remotest district, where newspapers never penetrate, might know that peace has been proclaimed by a glance at this list of newly published novels, following immediately upon the heels of another scarcely less numerous, introduced to our readers in the last CRITIC. It is the sign of the change that is already taking place in the direction of the public thoughts, no longer engrossed by the romance of a real war, and turning eagerly from the dullness of the newspapers to the now more exciting pages of fiction, or the more pleasing ones of literature and art.

It is not necessary to repeat the remarks with which we prefaced the notices of the new novels in our last; they will, we hope, be yet in the memory of the reader; and we would ask any new friend to refer back to them, as they will explain some of the commentaries which we shall have occasion to make on the lofty pile of volumes before us.

With the new era of peace we are looking anxiously for a new birth of fiction. The form that existed immediately before the war had

become utterly effete. Novels were nothing better than endless copies, with scarcely a trace of originality in the invention of plot or character. The conventional three volumes, the model story, the stereotyped personages, the repeated platitudes—these were reproduced over and over again, until the most voracious of novel readers was sick with satiety. The war put a stop to this inanity only just in time to prevent its self-destruction; and now that literature is reviving with the return of peace, we hope to see the past burying its dead, and a new race arising, instinct with life and character of its own.

Like those new novels which we noticed in the last CRITIC, all of these were necessarily written before the advent of the new era, and they belong, therefore, to the old school, and must be so judged. They are made to fit a specified space; they bring before us the same familiar faces; they tell the same oft-told tales; they echo the same truisms in the same strain.

But though in form true to the conventionalities, they differ vastly in the ability with which these are used or abused. Some, as Miss Muloch, and the authoress of *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*, so skilfully use the old materials as to give them almost the aspect of new ones. If we are to have a new era, we shall look for the early accession of these two; for they have the capacity and the courage to strike out a new path, could they be but satisfied that they should find a public to support them in it. Can there be a doubt that there would be an applauding audience, fit and not few?

"Woman's Devotion" was a success. In reviewing it we ventured to promise future fame, if industry were employed in earning it by unsparing correction of faults and perfecting of genius by practice. *Margaret and her Bridesmaids* does not disappoint the promise of its predecessors. It is a manifest advance in plot, incident, character, and writing. The authoress uses her pen with a firmer hand and more confidence in her own proved capacity. Still we note some defects which should be amended. She uses too many adjectives, which should always be employed sparingly. A pile of epithets does not strengthen expression, but rather weakens it. Nouns are, more frequently than otherwise, most expressive when they stand alone; an adjective should never be added unless it gives positive strength by the association of a new and distinct idea. For instance, we find "fair face," "viewless air," "inspired eyes," and "fair fingers," in as many lines. This is a frequent fault, especially with young authors. It is easily amended; but probably, until pointed to her, its very existence is unknown to this writer.

The plot of *Margaret* has the common failing of our country: it wants invention. It is in the painting of domestic life and the affections that the authoress excels. Here she sets down what she has seen, and much that she has felt, and then she is true to nature, and commands the sympathies of her readers. When she travels out of her own experiences, and describes what she cannot have seen, but only read of, she is of necessity unreal—the shadow of a shade. Let it be said to her praise that she seems to be conscious of this, and does not so daringly endeavour to describe scenes of life at second-hand, or from fancy only, as do some of her sister novelists: and hence the charm of her fictions. Let her remember to what she owes her success, and in her future novels observe the same rule, so far as it is possible. So will she secure for herself a high place in contemporary literature.

There is a great deal of humour in *The Heirs of Blackridge Manor*. Mrs. (or Miss) Diana Butler is, moreover, a satirist, but not ill-tempered. She writes smart things; revels in lively dialogue; and touches the more delicate traits of character with the hand of an artist—just revealing them without making them too prominent. We have no memory of her name, and conclude that this is her first adventure. If so it be, it is most promising; for here are all the elements of success—a lively fancy, keen perception, a great deal of imagination, and a happy command of words in which to express her quick and lively thoughts. She has the capacities for assisting in the birth of a new era of fiction: will she try them next time?

In the meanwhile we can commend this novel to the reader as of more than average merit. Mrs. Debonaire is quite an original—and of our own time, a little caricatured, but true in the main. Bishop Lovel, too, deserves mention as a

creation well conceived and admirably supported throughout.

One of the most prominent personages in this novel is the late Marquis of Hertford, whom Mrs. (or Miss) Butler has idealised into a sort of hero. Can she have known his true character? If a whisper of the doings of his latter days had been given to her, surely she could not have so painted him; yet it is difficult to believe that nothing of his private character had come to her knowledge, while such proof as this novel affords of a very considerable acquaintance with life and manners and the sayings and doings of the world as it is. Indeed, for the most part she appears to have painted from the life. The pious old lady who lives on the excitement of platforms, and "sits under" Calvinistic clergymen, is admirably contrasted with the other old lady who tells plain and unpleasing truths, denounces all pretence, and does not disguise her worldly aims. The story is not so pleasing. It turns mainly on the unhappiness of the offspring of an adultery, who, although adopted and petted by his father, finds his existence poisoned by the stain upon his birth, and ultimately commits suicide in despair. This is unnatural; but the fault of the novel, in other respects so full of ability, is that the authoress has too much consulted imagination in her conception of character. Randal Widdington's mental sufferings and untimely death are described with uncommon ability. The difficulty is to reconcile it to ourselves that any man of sense could so feel from such a cause.

Altogether this novel has pleased us very much; and the authoress is the most promising young writer who has passed under review for two or three years, or more.

Mr. J. A. St. John is not a novice. He has written much, and is well known to periodical literature. He excels in that in which other English novelists are most deficient, the construction of a plot. Probably his acquaintance with the literature of France has shown him the vast superiority of invention exhibited by our lively neighbours, and why in spite of so many other faults the worst French novel is more readable than the best English one—Bulwer, and perhaps Thackeray, excepted. Mr. St. John writes with the practised skill of an artist; his descriptions are graphic and his dialogues brisk; so that *The Ring and the Veil* is very pleasant reading for a lounge. But it has not the higher qualities of original character or character distinctly developed. The puppets of which he moves the strings so ingeniously are felt to be mere puppets, having the forms but not the souls of men and women. They do not stand out distinct upon his canvass, but are seen there shadowy and unsubstantial; and as they come like shadows, so they depart from the memory.

John Halifax, Gentleman, is sufficiently commended by the bare announcement that it is from the pen of the authoress of "Olive." That will insure its being read by all novel readers, for Miss Muloch has given so many proofs of her ability, that anything from her hand will be accepted with pleasure. *John Halifax* is more than worthy of her reputation. We consider, indeed, that it is her best work. She has certainly bestowed unusual pains upon the composition. There are in it many passages of beautiful writing which, did space permit, we should have liked to extract into these columns, that they might be examined more closely than they are like to be when read in the heat of an exciting and interesting tale, in which all the desire of the reader is to rush onward to the end. The closing scenes are deeply pathetic; and few will lay down the book without tearful eyes. *John Halifax* has not the deep interest of "Olive," nor the same fine portraiture of a mind; but it exhibits the authoress's abilities in another direction, showing how many-sided genius is.

John Halifax is the history of a self-reliant man who is the architect of his own fortune—a picture drawn with a masterly hand of one of nature's gentlemen. Under all the disadvantages of low birth and a calling deemed ignoble, he wins the hand of a lady of family, and rises to universal esteem. We first see him wandering about the streets, seeking for employment. This is the moral of the tale, that industry perseverance, virtue, and self-respect will command worldly success in defiance of the accidents of birth and the obstacle of youth not "educated" according to the conventional meaning of that word. *John Halifax*, though still a tanner, obtains the object of his ambition; and the description of his domestic life is the best and most

interesting part of the work, which in all respects is superior to any of its predecessors, and exhibits that resolve to spare no pains to improve, that determination to advance, which will certainly secure for Miss Muloch a better and loftier fame than she has yet achieved. Everybody who ever reads a novel should read this one.

Diamonds and Dust appears to have been designed as a series of scenes from high and low life introduced through the medium of a tale. They are smartly done, by one who has seen what he describes, and who can describe well what he sees. The author's worst writing is his dialogue: his characters do not talk—they declaim. This is a common fault; but it is a grave defect, and no pains should be spared to avoid it. A novel should be an expanded drama, with only the scenery described instead of painted.

The author of "Mary Powell" must improvise books. Here is another in the same strain, and after the same fashion—imitating the style of a long past age. For reasons before adduced we object to all attempts of this kind: they are either follies or impertinencies—follies if they are not like their originals; impertinencies if they are. Even the great merits of the author in other respects do not reconcile us to this affectation. We believe that they would have been still more conspicuous if trusted to their own features, without putting on a mask. This tale of *Tasso and Leonora* is exquisitely told, full of poetry, but marring the reader's delight in it by the ever-present recollection that it is only a pretence, that it is an attempt to practise an imposition, which fails, and for the maintenance of which no possible motive can now be conceived. It is a great pity that there should be any drawback upon the enjoyment of a work so full of worth and interest as this.

Glenmorven is a tale in one volume, having considerable merit both as a story and as a composition. The one is thronged with incidents cleverly woven together, and the other presents some writing much above the average in grace and vigour of style. It seems to be from the pen of a gentleman, in the true sense of that term.

If the concentration of thoughts, incidents, and description into forcible and picturesque language, be one of the chief desiderata in a modern novel, then most assuredly *Claude de Vesci* is worthy of a high place among recent works of fiction, and as such we heartily commend it to the notice of the readers of THE CRITIC.

Though not professedly what is termed a "religious" or "serious" novel, the spirit in which *Claude de Vesci* is written is eminently (in the most comprehensive sense of the word) Christian in its tendency and application. Its aims are high, its tone pure and healthy, and well sustained throughout; and while the writer exhibits great powers of pathos, none of the scenes which he depicts so well are disfigured by any approach to mawkish sentimentality.

Claude de Vesci's sister is a delicate and beautiful creation. Her career is closed by early death; but her sweet and loving nature works its mission, and ever after seems to colour the character and temperament of her earnest and energetic brother. The first volume is devoted to the development of the plot on which the story is founded, and includes the life of Claude from youth to early manhood. His career at Cambridge is very vigorously worked out, and the sketches of university life and character form a favourable contrast to the exaggerations of "Peter Priggins" and the still more recent buffooneries of "Verdant Green."

The chief interest of the tale lies in the latter part of the second volume. Here the attention is riveted incessantly to the exciting scenes and incidents which follow each other in rapid succession; though certainly romantic, they are not improbable. Scarcely a week passes, but we find in the public journals some "truth stranger than fiction;" and every year we live only convinces us the more, that no hostile criticism is more easily, and none in general more unfairly, made than that the incidents of such and such a novel are "improbable."

We do not know the name of the author of *Claude de Vesci*, but we have heard that he is a clergyman of the Church of England. If so, we gladly hail him as a welcome addition to the goodly company of modern clerical writers of fiction, and venture to predict for him a reputation beyond the mere passing hour, and a successful career in this department of literature.

How many more novels by Cooper shall we receive? When were they written, where published? The "Parlour Library" has just printed *Jack Tier*, from that prolific pen. But it is not one of his best. It was either a very early or a very late production—not worthy of his genius.

Shoepac Recollections; a Wayside Glimpse of American Life. By WALTER MARCH. (New York: Prince).—The Shoepac is an old-fashioned Canadian shoe; and the story, or rather collection of sketches strung together by a very slight thread, is designed to exhibit life in the border land, as it was some years ago when the men of many nations were mingled, and before the cry was raised of "America for the Americans." The author, indeed, indicates this consummation in his preface. "'Room, room,' is the word that expresses the history of the Northwest. The moccasin must make room for the shoepac, and the shoepac in its turn for the iron heel of the British, and all together exclaim, 'Room! room! for the Americans!'" This means that America wants Canada, and will have it as soon as she can. Well, our brethren in the west only do what we have done and still do in the east. They but follow our example.

Worlds not Realised. By Mrs. A. GATTY (Bell and Daldy) is a tale for children, made the vehicle for conveying in a pleasing form much useful knowledge.

Melincourt, or Sir Oran Haulton, &c., by the author of "Headlong Hall," has been added to Chapman and Hall's "Select Library of Fiction." It is in the comic strain which first made the writer famous, full of the keenest satire on the vices and follies of the day; a caricature of course, but always with a truth at bottom, so that while we laugh we learn. It is not the least welcome addition that has been made to the excellent series of fiction to which it belongs.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Bridal of Lady Blanche, and other Poems. By S. H. BRADBURY. London: Bogue.

HE does not sail with the stream of literature, or does not gaze into its richest depth, who scoffs at our living poets, and perceives not that the poetry of our day is in the sum worthy of consideration and even praise. This statement is not damaged, least of all set aside, by the fact that in no age has there been a more miserable array of mere rhyme-twisters—men shallow in contrivance, poor in language, and mean in representation. While the number of versifiers are increased and increasing so rapidly as they do now, the disproportionate growth of the bad is apt to strike the attention sooner than what is numerically weaker but intellectually stronger. We may say that Nature makes poets; but it is to libel Nature to say that she governs the literary status of many gentlemen whom we call poets by courtesy. The metrical mimes, the mocking-birds of song which twitter from almost every village, are the inevitable growth of a fashion, or rather a mania for rhyme. Less as the result of fashion and more as the independent outgushing of native taste and emotion must be regarded the poetical works of the gentleman whose name heads our article. For colour, for artistic elegance, for ready flow, *The Bridal of Lady Blanche* and the miscellaneous poems by Mr. Bradbury stand conspicuous. They show the glitter, if not the matured splendour, of a mind to whom poetry is a blissful and a household word. As yet Mr. Bradbury has exhibited more agility than strength, more beauty than grandeur, more melody than harmony. The instrument on which he plays, and by which he has delighted a host of admirers, is best likened to the lute, musical at times as is Apollo's—soft, soothing, and sweet. We do not reject what Mr. Bradbury has cheerfully proffered because he does not enchain our deepest and divinest emotions with grander combinations of sounds—with organ-stops which shake the soul and lift it skyward. It is much that he moves always in the centre of music—ever music! If this satisfies not our intenser yearning, yet it touches many chords in human hearts, and thrills them with domestic virtues.

Mr. Bradbury has won much, indeed most, of his popularity under the *nom de plume* of "Quallon." His short, lucid, and oftentimes pithy lines have shone in dark corners of periodicals. Perchance he has been unjust to his own powers, which are conspicuous and considerable, by striking off poems with a fatal facility to meet the requirements of periodical literature. There is an earnestness in the best poetry which derives little or no nourishment from eagerness. And yet let not Mr. Bradbury misunderstand us. He has in his rapid mode produced gems of fancy, but he has likewise pro-

duced verse which consists rather of jewelled words than of sterling thought. It may with considerable truth be said that Mr. Bradbury is too ornate. Like an Indian prince he covers himself with ornaments, which are not always of the costliest kind. His figures are, we think, too plentifully used, so much so that each serves only to weaken its fellow. We shall quote a poem entire, taken quite at random, but which will explain our meaning and show the poet's merits and excesses.

Oh! the nightingale when singing
Hath not sweeter notes than thine,
Soft and pure as dewdrops clinging
Round a rose in morns divine!
For thy voice is ever raining
Floods of music, oh! so sweet,
When the blush of eve is waning,
And the clouds like lovers meet!

Lips melodious as the showers
Which the hawthorn blossoms hold;
When thy love unveils its powers
As a rainbow blooms with gold!
Eyes whose mild and winning lustres
Beam like glimmering drops of dew;
Curls that droop in glossy clusters
Tinged with beauty's raven hue!

And thy smiles come o'er me stealing
Like to ripples on a stream;
When the bridal night's revealing
Stars that tremble as they dream!
Then my heart with love is teeming,
Warmed and hushed in radiant rest,
While my thoughts of thee are beaming,
Like the jewels on thy breast!

We may urge similar objections against *The Bridal of Lady Blanche*, a poem, nevertheless, of singular fluency and sweetness. Take for example the first four stanzas—

The Lady Blanche had not on earth, I ween,
A rival of her beauty; in her eyes
The soft clear light of early love was seen,
Calm as the cloudless swoon of summer skies,
When ruddy sunlight floods each woodland scene,
And evening, like a rose, unconscious dies;
Spilling its glory on each bloomy field,
While earth seems like a still sea of gold!

At such an hour the Lady Blanche would sing
Some richly-rhymed and mellow-worded strain:
All bright with fancies of some lovely thing,
Like poppies sparkling forth 'mong ripen'd rain,
Or reddened fruits on branches clustering;
Made cool and wet with noon's luxurious grain,
When sweets are shaken from the egantine,
And bright-winged bees from globes of clover dine.

The Lady Blanche would seek her bower of vines,
And sink into a slumber, soft and slight,
Like moon half clouded when she faintly shines,
As well nigh wearied of her own pale light.
Then, like a passive maiden, droops and pines,
With haggard glance through the imperial night;
Kissing the billows on the hungry deep,
That roar, like maddened lions, roused from sleep;

And oft the Lady Blanche, in blissful swoon,
Would dream of Jesmond, whom she loved so well;
A dream all silvery as the languid moon,
Palaced in azure o'er some haunted dell;
And then she saw his form—a bridal boon—
And on his brow her eager eyes would dwell
Like stars on marble statue, while her soul
In beauty's endless realms would lightly roll!

Here the figures are positively overwhelming—piled on each other till they reach the pinnacle of surplussage; and one sees at a glance that colour and sound are two potent magicians which hold Mr. Bradbury in their seductive spells. What we want the poet to show is the sinewy play of limb—not the flaunting robe in which it is draped. Mr. Bradbury will take our remarks kindly; since it is strictly from our regard for his past efforts, and our faith in his future, that we do not desire to spoil him—as too many young poets have been spoiled—by over-praise. Our remarks are more complimentary than otherwise. The careful husbandman checks the luxuriance of his young trees, lest their excess of foliage should endanger the fruit which he hopes to gather in harvest-time; and this is more comforting than to force stunted branches into vitality. Let Mr. Bradbury be true to himself, if he would make a future of some mark. If we may judge from his antecedents, his forte is not to probe the profoundest depth of nature; he will not be able to lay human passions naked to our gaze, nor startle and awe us with dramatic situations. His true business is to strike living fire and throbbing melody from the lyric muse. To this his genius tends; and literature will lose an excellent lyrical bard, if Mr. Bradbury neglect to follow the path so luminously indicated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mormons at Home; with some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California. By Mrs. B. G. FERRIS. New York: Dix and Edwards. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1856.
Mrs. B. G. FERRIS is the wife of Lieutenant

Ferris, who formerly held the position of Envoy of the United States to the Settlement of Utah, and whose report upon the condition of the Mormons we have already reviewed in a former number of the CRITIC. Considering that we have had a very precise account of Lieutenant Ferris's proceedings from himself, we do not very well see why it was necessary for his wife to put herself to the trouble of preparing a supplementary volume; and even the promise of revelations upon the exciting topic of polygamy scarcely disposes us to approach these pages with any other feeling than that of suspicion that the publication of the book is dictated rather by womanly vanity than a real desire to supply any useful information. However, as everything respecting that interesting people possesses very great interest in our eyes, we have carefully perused Mrs. Ferris's journal, in the hope of picking up one or two facts about the Mormons with which we were not previously familiar.

The party headed by Lieutenant Ferris started from St. Louis up the Missouri on the 12th of August 1852. Landing at Fort Wayne, they proceeded to Independence, and in a very few days were journeying westward across "the Plains." By the middle of October they began to hear something about the Mormons.

We have heard some not very encouraging stories about the Mormons. It is said they do really practice polygamy; and some of the traders we meet express regret that Mr. F. has brought his wife along, fearing it may lay the foundation for the same difficulties that occurred with the former officers. The story is, that the wife of the former secretary was invited to a house where there were six women with young babies, all belonging to one husband, and that she took offense at it. I sometimes fear we shall find ourselves in a nest of hornets; but I mean to be very obtuse; regarding myself simply as a traveler among a strange people, and treat them all alike—the same as though we were going to Japan or China.

On the 24th of October they entered the Great Salt Lake City.

We had not traveled far from the mouth of the Canon, before Captain Phelps pointed to the right and cried out—"There is the city." What a singular spectacle! We beheld what seemed a thickly-settled neighbourhood, apparently about a mile distant from us, composed of low, lead-coloured dwellings, with a single white building occupying a prominent position; no steeples, minarets, or cupolas.

They were expected guests, and soon in comfortable quarters. Mrs. Ferris was agreeably surprised at the comfort which surrounded her, having "looked only for the rude accommodation of border life;" in short, she very soon made up her mind that she really could manage to "survive the winter." The Mormon elders called to pay their respects to the new-comers, and Mrs. Ferris was not long in ascertaining that the reports about polygamy were founded on fact. "We are unquestionably (writes she) in the midst of a society of fanatics, who are controlled by a gang of licentious villains, and it will require all our circumspection to get along smoothly." Once impressed with this idea, Mrs. Ferris, with a woman's pertinacity, obstinately adhered to it. A man who looked in at her through the window became "a cut-throat" who, "if he has not committed murder, it has been for want of opportunity." Their hostess, Mrs. Farnham, appeared to abominate polygamy; "but this may be only a pretence to render us unguarded." An old gentleman who tells them a wonderful story about some white gulls that were miraculously sent to eat up the swarms of crickets which threatened the crops of the Mormons, is pronounced to be "a Jesuit." And all this time Mrs. Ferris appears to have been neglecting no opportunity of prying into the interior concerns of all the Mormon households to which she could gain admission. To come upon such passages as this is by no means an uncommon occurrence. "On my way back I sauntered leisurely, and gratified my curiosity by peeping into doors and windows."—Here is a very interesting picture of some of the more prominent features of Mormon life.

Directly opposite, on the north, resides Brother Wakeman, an exemplary Mormon, of two wives and a host of children. He lives in a well-built adobe house; but there is around the establishment an appearance of utter shiftlessness—the broken windows are stuffed with rags; the doorway and steps look as though one might stick fast in trying to pass them, and the street fences are half down. Scarce a day passes which does not exhibit some evidence of in-

ternal commotion, like a volcanic eruption, in this domicile, in one form or another. At one time three or four of the children, and one of the mothers, will be seen hurrying out, followed by the worthy brother, in hot pursuit, with threatening gestures and high voices, from the screaming treble of the youngsters to the harsh bass of the sire. At another time a number of children will stream forth, pursued by one of the women, flourishing a broomstick.

The extra wives are what is called sealed to the Saints; and others, who allied themselves to the Mormon elders, with the expectation of bettering their future state thereby, are called spirituals.

Our boarding-house is a frequent resort for some of the poor spirituals, to whom Mrs. Farnham furnishes little odd jobs, to enable them to eke out a scanty living. I have already managed to obtain from one of these miserable creatures a sad picture of the state of affairs in her household. There are three wives in the family, who, being in a regular strife for the mastery, and having no common interest, everything is out of joint. At first I found it difficult to approach her, but, by a little tact, I overcame her reserve; and the fount once unsealed, she poured forth her troubles. She is a wretched specimen of a woman, poorly dressed, poorly fed, and exhibits a sense of degradation. In this particular case, the first wife had revenged herself some to extent, by managing to make drudges of the other two.

The inquiring spirit of Mrs. Ferris could not long remain concealed from the penetration of the Mormon leaders. When Elder Snow called upon her we find that—"like our other visitors, he expressed a wish that our sojourn might be rendered agreeable, but not a word of invitation to visit his family, or that his wife would be happy to see me, which usually forms so pleasant a finale to an agreeable interview."

I have been amusing myself this afternoon with the crowd returning from the Tabernacle. Here is a man passing with four women, all lovingly looking arms. The male animal is in the centre, and the two that were sealed lately, as I am assured by Aunt Shearer, are nearest to his person—the other two are outsiders. The brides are bedizened with some finery, but all look poorly clothed for the season. . . . On the other side of the way is a man with three spirituals: he is in advance, and the women are following in single file—the extreme rear is, probably, his first wife.

Subsequently Mrs. Ferris gains admission into the Tabernacle. Two thousand persons, at least, were present.

It was a strange assemblage. If I were a scientific phenologist, I would undertake some classification. There were a few intelligent countenances, interspersed with sly cunning and disgusting sensuality; in both male and female a large mass of credulity, and an abundance of open-mouthed, gawky stupidity.

Nor were the ceremonies any more to her taste.

The principal discourse was delivered by Parley Pratt, and was made up mostly of a rambling and disconnected glorification of the saints. As an intellectual effort, it was beneath contempt. One thing was peculiar—he resorted to the same kind of clap-trap common in political assemblages, which excited the boisterous mirth of his audience. Somehow, it did not strike me as out of place in such a gathering. As to devotional feeling, there was no manifestation of it whatever. It seemed like anything else than a religious meeting; and a full band of music, stationed in front of the platform, strengthened the impression that we had come to witness some puppet-show or other kindred performance.

Theatrical representations were given at the Social Hall, and thither, upon one occasion, Mrs. Ferris repaired. The entertainment, however, does not seem to have been very much to her taste; for, although the acting was very fair indeed, there was "some side acting in the crowd which must preclude us from going again to the same place." "How thoroughly and horribly poisoned (adds she) is everything in this society!"

An account of a Mormon ball at the Social Hall is very characteristic. Brigham Young and all the leading elders of the Mormon Church were present, each attended by a long tail of wives.

The cotillions upon the floor when we went in were soon danced out, and the dancers came crowding upon the platform: and here happened what seemed to me the crowning incident of the evening. Parley Pratt marched up with four wives, and introduced them successively as Mrs. Pratts. The thing was done with such an easy, nonchalant air, that I had difficulty in keeping from laughing outright. The thought came over me, with what scorn these people, who are here first and foremost, would be banished from society at home. Did the man do this to show what he could do, or because he thought politeness

* As we are only quoting, we must adopt Mrs. Ferris's mode of spelling.

required it of him? I don't know. Some, however, only introduced the first wife; and I internally thanked them for the forbearance. One thing was peculiar—it was only the first wives that tried to make themselves familiar with me.

But enough of Mrs. Ferris and her polygamical revelations. On the 30th of April 1853 she and her husband left the Mormon territory, and started for California, where they arrived in safety about the latter end of July.

In some respects Mrs. Ferris's book has its uses; yet we cannot but wish that she had applied some portion at least of her inquiring mind to the investigation of other branches of social life in Utah besides the not very delicate subject of polygamy. If the disadvantages and immorality of this practice were doubtful, a collection of facts respecting it would be of great utility; but, as the good sense of mankind has come to a conclusion upon the question long ago, the accumulation of a mass of anecdotes such as we have before us, and from which we have only selected a few of the least objectionable, can be productive of little good, while it may do a very great deal of harm.

A Manual of Quotations, from the Ancient, Modern, and Oriental Languages. By E. H. MICHELSEN, Ph.D. London: Critic Office.

MR. MACDONNELL'S *Dictionary of Quotations* passed through some seven or eight editions, improving with each. Dr. Michelsen has now reproduced it, more than doubling the quantity of its contents. As the uses of this work may not appear from the title, we will explain them. Quotations from the Latin, Greek, and modern languages, are in continual use, not by authors and orators only, but in conversation. Yet how often do the best informed find themselves at fault, not recollecting the precise words, and so committing awkward blunders. This compact little volume is designed to supply to all who ever use a quotation a book of reference, where they may find it rightly set down, with the name of the author where it occurs, and a literal as well as a free translation of it. In this manner all the phrases in ordinary use among us in Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian, are given, arranged in alphabetical order, so that they may be readily found when sought.

To authors, clergymen, public speakers, all indeed who write or make speeches, this volume is indispensable. To all who ever venture to use a quotation from another language—and who does not?—and to all who would learn the meaning of quotations they read and hear when used by others, it will be ex-

tremely useful. It should be on the table of every library, for instant reference when needed, and no house need be without it, for it is very cheap.

Literary Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions. Third series. (London: Griffin and Co.)—A collection of addresses by men of note at gatherings for other than political purposes. Among the orators whose speeches are recorded are Mr. Layard, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Eglinton, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Paton, Mr. Warren, and Sir J. K. Shuttlesworth. They afford gratifying proof of the heartiness with which the higher and educated classes in this country desire and labour to promote the intellectual and social advancement of the classes below them in wealth and station.

Castles near Kreuznach, by Miss Robertson (Williams and Norgate), describes in a series of letters visits paid by the authoress to the old feudal relics in the neighbourhood of that well-known spot upon the Rhine. She has not merely given a picturesque sketch of them, but has gathered the legends associated with them.

Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakspeare. By Henry Reed. (Philadelphia: Parry and Co.)—A series of lectures delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, at which Mr. Reed was Professor of History. He has not merely brought history to the illustration of Shakspeare, but he has ingeniously used the drama for the illustration of history; so true it is that the imagination of the poet of nature is often more correct than the tale of the historian, drawn, as it must be frequently, from imperfect sources. Hence there is in these lectures a great deal of novelty and interest. They are graceful and often eloquent as compositions, and there are few who would not profit by their perusal.

Mr. J. C. Nesbit has published a fourth edition of his valuable volume on *Agricultural Chemistry*, in which he describes successfully the nature and properties of Peruvian guano. The exhaustion of three large editions attests the public sense of its merits.

The Geographical Word-Expositor, by Edwin Adams, is a new and very useful aid to the study of geography and topography. It is a sort of small dictionary of terms found in geographical books, familiarly and clearly explaining their meanings, as thus: "Barrier Reefs: These are coral constructions, extending in a straight direction in front of the shores of a large mass of land." "Austria: In German it is called Oestreich, 'the Eastern Kingdoms,' so named in reference to the Emperor Charlemagne's dominions, of which Austria occupied the easternmost portion." These examples will best recommend it.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Cambrian Journal.—Part IX. (Tenby: R. Mason.)—Having received the current number of this journal with a polite note, asking us to notice it in our columns, we have great pleasure in acceding to the request. The *Cambrian Journal* is so essentially Welsh that, to take an interest in its contents, you must start with a belief in the separate nationality of the Principality (that *imperium in imperio* which is so puzzling to foreigners), and also some knowledge of Welsh literature, antiquities, and genealogical lore. The present number opens with an account of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's visit to Wales, in which the goings out and comings in of his Highness are recorded with Morning-Postish fidelity and minuteness. The cousin of the Imperial ruler of France appears to have made the collection of Welsh books the principal object of his tour. Next we have an "Essay on the Origin and Progress of the Trial by Jury in the Principality of Wales," written by a certain Mr. Prydain Ap Aedd Mawr, which we have searched in vain for some explanation of the undoubted and universally admitted stupidity of Welsh juries. Then comes a chapter on the "Traditionary Annals of the Cymry," from Dywyl Moelud to Ceraint Ab Greiddiol, the principal point in which appears to be that the habit of getting drunk upon ale is a Welsh custom which dates as far back as Strabo and Dioscorides. This is followed by an account of Sion Dafydd Rhys (another mode of spelling David Rice, we presume), the Welsh grammarian; and the number concludes with a variety of miscellaneous notices upon matters connected with Welsh history and Welsh literature. From a short notice of the proceedings of the Cambrian Institute we gather that Alfred Tennyson, Esq., D.C.L. and Poet Laureate, has become an honorary governor of that institution.

The *Irish Quarterly Review* maintains its position as the most truly literary of the quarterlies; in all the rest literature being but a subordinate feature, politics filling the foremost place. It has especially distinguished itself in poetry; and it opens its new number with a capital castigatory article entitled "Poetry under a Cloud," in which the recent publications of Longfellow, Bailey, and Browning are treated as they deserve. "The Illusions of Literature" is another pleasant paper; "Novels and Novelists" is of the same class; and the "Biography of John Bunyan" is concluded.

The *Church of England Quarterly Review*, besides religious essays appropriate to its design, has well-written papers of "The Essays of Helps," and "The Decade preceding the Revolution."

The fourth part of *The Works of the Rev. T. M'Crie, D.D.* contains his "Life of Andrew Melville."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

MAY-DAY! Albeit the May-poles have disappeared, and the village Daphnes no longer make appearance in kirtle green and "ribbons rare" as May-queens, and Robin Hood, Little John, and Friar Tuck have ceased to make the woodland ring with their forest revelries, we are still bound to maintain that May is the "merry month." Of late years May has obtained a bad name with the indwellers of cities, when she makes her appearance, drizzily in streets, squally in squares, gusty on bridges, combatant among pet geraniums exposed on parlour or first-floor window-sills, obstreperous among chimney-pots, clamorous for admission at rickety attic sashes, and, altogether, more as a termagant than a placid, well-behaved young lady, her head wreathed with flowers and her breath odorous of the cowslip and violet. Ah, well! It is given to many a young May to pout and frown when conscious of her beauties. It is a wile to make us the more bewitched when she condescends to smile, and, in a moment, to make us forget that we had ever cause of quarrel with her. Like Providence, which in more senses than one she typifies, "behind a frowning countenance she hides a smiling face." Outside our streets, parallelogramic or tortuous, May is still the "merry month." Let a man be shod with goloshes, let him equip himself in mail of broadcloth or oil-skin, and with staff in hand let him cross the meadows or plash along the green lane, or struggle along the hedgerows, and May sings to him from beneath the scud-cloud, and carols to him from the shaggy thorn, and caws to him from the old elm-trees, and blinks upon him from every ditch, and winks to him from every furze, and makes the very quagmire a place to

linger by—inducing him even to make desperate venture to rifle her of some of her humid beauties. Let us speak kindly and loyally of May; for not only is she calling bud and blossom into existence to gratify the eye, and making the woods melodious to delight the ear, but already she is calling forth young bards to sing to us in the poet's corner of the country newspaper, and elder bards to renew their warblings in the spare page of the magazine. Of course, at this season, various sounds are emitted in both verse and prose. If we have thrushes and linnets, we have also daws and magpies, and waddling fowls which loudly gabble. We are entertained by all in turn. Dullness and monotony no doubt try the temper a little; but we put up with them so long as they are respectable. A fair temper may extract amusement even from a dunce; and let the temper be fair, in compliment to May, now she is about. That she is about one may know without stepping over his threshold. With his morning journal, when he has conned the leading article, made himself acquainted with the state of the money-market, looked over the gazette and found none of his debtors therein displayed in obnoxious capitals—when he is sated with the crimes and follies recorded in the police-reports, let him turn to the advertisement-sheet. Here are notices of forthcoming floral exhibitions and of the opening of pleasure-gardens. Yachts, suggestive of sea-breezes, are to be sold; and delightful country residences, suggestive of green fields, are to be let at tempting rates. Excursion-trains are advertised which, for next to nothing, promise to whisk you into the heart of the country, or to any margin of the island. The steamer—our river-horses and sea-horses—not to be outdone

by any land-horse, announces that she will carry you from port to port and from isle to isle, at fares which almost tempt you to doubt the sanity or veracity of her master. Then the books—for we must come back to literature—you may have guide-books to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, including Berwick-upon-Tweed; and to every part of the Continent, from the extreme south, where you may be browned and blistered in pursuit of the beautiful, to the extreme north, where you may be freckled and catch salmon. All suggest, except to dull wits, the merry May, which trips along, and guides us into summer.

Some of these said guides would lead us into rather out-of-the-way places, for no bad purpose, we hope. Here, for example, is one Friedrich Oetker, with his *Helgoland Schilderungen und Erörterungen*; his sketches and investigations of that Heligoland of ours, lying opposite the mouth of the Elbe, which we fancied could be a fitting habitation for fishermen and smugglers only, and which geologists alone could be induced to visit in order to calculate how soon it is to be entirely washed into the sea. Within the last thirty years, however, Heligoland has contrived to erect itself into a kind of fashionable watering-place for the worthy *frauen und fräuleins*—the wives and daughters of wealthy Hamburgers. We have a shrewd suspicion that, by-and-by, Bond-street will be enticed from Ramage and Boulogne to protect itself there from plebs of Whitechapel. It will not be the fault of the present author, if he can get his book translated into plain English, if such a change of patronage is not effected. He writes pleasantly, and from an intimate knowledge of the people and the island. Hear him speak, for instance, on the distressing question of sea-sickness:—

"But must every one be ill of it?" inquired the Saxon. "No one knows for certain," replied I. "He who escapes once may next time suffer the more. Women and weaklings are most subject to it. Even the famous Admiral Nelson was sea-sick. Dogs and horses suffer the more the better their breed; indeed, even the great fish which swallowed the prophet Jonah appears to have had one attack of it, when he vomited the threatener of Nineveh on dry land." "Rank and dignity," said my friend with the beard, "afford no protection; in the presence of death and sea-sickness all are equal. 'Frightful!' exclaimed his Excellency from Hanover. 'Only specially chosen individuals,' said I, comfortingly, 'true heroes and heroines, are spared; at least, such appears to have been the case in Noah's Ark, as no mention to the contrary is made in Scripture. Besides, Homer, the Nibelungenlied and the Acts of the Apostles say nothing of sea-sickness. Horace, on the other hand, alludes to it. Byron makes his Don Juan suffer from it horribly; and Goethe was sick during his voyage from Naples to Palermo. Byron recommended beef-steak; Goethe betook himself to white bread and red wine; but the best remedy is to place a thick layer of blotting-paper, steeped in rum, on the chest and stomach." "Gott, how comical!" suggested the funny man. "Frightful!" cried his Excellency.

Heligoland, albeit it may be holy land, is not always to be reached without discomfiture to the stomach; and when reached, new discomfitures await the lander. As those who have passed through the pangs of a toothache talk lightly to those who undergo its tortures, assuring them of speedy relief, even so those who have passed over the sea, and who have been the victims of nausea, express themselves lightly towards recent victims. There is a diabolical pleasure, enjoyed by a few, in witnessing the effect, in others, of the ail to which they themselves have been subjected. Let Bond-street, however, take courage. When she lands, she will find all the ladies in their best array, and all the gentlemen in glazed hats or otherwise nautical. They form two ranks to receive the new comers, and make odious remarks on their costume and appearance. The softer sex are the most unkindly. Somehow, it has ever been so. They are ever the readiest to join in delight at masculine or feminine discomfiture. Gentlemen never do. But hear the writer:—

Think of the stormy passage, and of the feelings of the unfortunate victim who has to pass through these *lâcher-allée*—these ranks of abominable badinage! Just escaped from the hoofs of Neptune, who would have throttled him—exhausted, livid, giddy, confused, waste in body and mind, seeking and desiring rest—he lands in the midst of gaily-dressed strangers, smacking their lips after having enjoyed a good dinner; and hears, O hell of hells! the lively tones of a polka or gallopade. Might not one, at this moment, wish to consign all these heartless manners to the bottomless pit? Can it be believed that people of taste so behave themselves here?—two-thirds consisting of women, the most charming, the liveliest, the loveliest of their sex. But, strange! scarcely has a person passed two days in the island, when he finds himself doing as others do.

Jacob Andreson Siemons, shipbuilder, and Friesland by descent we have no doubt, was the first to set on foot a bathing establishment here, in 1823. He was a resolute fellow—one of those with whom to see a difficulty is to overcome it. A company was formed, which in 1826 numbered some twenty, in 1831 some fifty, shareholders. In 1826 this company had four bathing coaches on the dunes and two upon the strand. The reader must know something of the geological features of the island to understand this arrangement. In 1828 there were about two hundred bathers here; in 1831, not quite so many. The place, in fact, is still delightfully aristocratic, and there is every chance for marriageable young ladies, attended by their mammas, of meeting with young counts and "excellencies" of German birth, who, it is to be expected, would make excellent husbands. Young ladies may owe us something for this information; capitalists more, when we tell them that in 1852 the original founders of the Heligoland Sea-bathing Company had a dividend of one hundred and ten per cent. The advantage of the Heligoland bathing-places consists in this, that on the east and west of the dunes there are various places where one can always bathe. There is more protection from the influence of swells and winds than anywhere else. The author gives some general rules for this bathing-place:

The question is not merely as to strengthening and recruiting the health in general, but the alleviation of a particular malady; but, if extraordinary cases occur, it is better to consult a physician. In other respects one may abide by the usual rules, as the fol-

lowing: enjoy the charms of life and the dunes; eat a little, too, before you start. Go first the way of all flesh! Heligoland black bread and brackish water often do great service. Be slow to wrath, long in the bathing-place, and quick to plunge. Do not give yourself too greatly up to pleasure. Be satisfied with the first shock and the first glow, otherwise there will be—howling and gnashing of teeth. Don't leave your cloak behind you, but take it with you to the dunes; for weather and women are both uncertain. If you feel hungry, regale your stomach with lobsters and fish. As for the rest, see what others do; and, would you know others, look into your own heart.

We fear that if we proceed farther we shall be usurping the place of the medical man; or, worse, that we shall be the means of inducing frugal sires to be lavish in their expenditure on wives and daughters, in introducing them to unbroken ground where cockneys are still rare. The island has its rocks and its dunes, and its unsophisticated population. Steamers touch at it, now, daily almost, for there is an English garrison there. The little ones of the family may dig, with wooden spades, on the beach, or burrow in the sandhills, while the mammas look after marine curiosities, and the papas, with hammer in hand, may chip rocks and prepare an essay for the Geological Society.

From Heligoland we are carried by Karl Mittermaier at once to Madeira. From brackish water, small beer, and black bread, we are transported to an island flowing with wine, abounding in oranges, and where one may be happy, if he pleases, as the day is long. *Madeira und seine Bedeutung als Heilungsort* ("Madeira and its importance as a place of wealth") is a scientific treatise by a practical physician of Heidelberg. Mittermaier adds a little to the knowledge which we have already derived from the pages of Gourlay, Heineken, Mason, Kämpfer, Dr. James Clark, and others. He presents us with a variety of statistics respecting the population of the island, its trade and navigation, and other facts respecting its political and social condition. His meteorological and sanitary statistics are those which will most recommend themselves to the invalid, to whom climate is an important consideration. The native inhabitants appear to live to a good old age; the island is free from miasma and intermittent fevers. As a set-off against these immunities, we find that epidemics prevail here and there, and that typhus and dysentery make huge ravages in the valleys in times of peace and security. *Per contra*, the Indian cholera and yellow fever have never entered the island. For several centuries the plague has never visited Madeira; it is last mentioned in the chronicle of an ecclesiastic, Fructuoso, who mentions it under the name of "peste," from 1521—1538. There never was a case of hydrophobia in Madeira. Let toppers take what consolation they can in the fact that *delirium tremens* is rare in the island, and only occurs among the rich. But now we are afraid of getting beyond our depth, and of embroiling ourselves with the doctors, to whom we would rather leave the criticism of this neat brochure.

King Max of Bavaria—Max he is called in kindness—to whom literature and science already owe so much, is not yet tired of following out his brave designs. The journals mention that he has devoted the sum of 40,000 florins for the advancement of science; and this sum is intended to be expended, not alone on his own subjects, but on the literati and scientific men of Germany in general. He patronises German talent, irrespective of political boundaries. Dr. Neumann, author of a work which has earned him great honour, so far as it has gone—*Die Hellenen im Skythenlande*—although not a Bavarian, has received such a pension as will enable him to complete his labours satisfactorily to the public, and in such a way as to do honour to the prince who patronises him. The subject is one which excludes sycophancy on the one hand, and which may be regarded as an appropriate tribute to literature on the other.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRENCH.

About, Edmond.—Guillerry, comédie en trois actes, en prose. 18mo. 1s. 6d. The preface commences:—"Friend reader, for I hope we are not embroiled together, this preface is neither a *Te Deum* nor a *mod culpa*. Guillerry was coldly received on the first representation, and warmly hissed on

the second. However, I have not repented of having written it, and the proof is, that I have printed it."

Bastide, Zav.—Flocons de neige, poésies. Paris. 18mo. 3s. Cousin, Victor.—Mme. de Chevreuse et Mme. de Hantefort. Nouvelles études sur les femmes illustres et la société du XVIII. siècle. Tom. I. Mme. de Chevreuse. Paris. 8vo. 7s.

Dumas, Alex.—Olympe de Clèves. 3 vols. Paris. 18mo. 6s. Dumas, Alex.—La peinture chez les anciens. Paris. 4to. 1s. 6d.

Dumas fils, Alex.—Antonine. Paris. 18mo. 1s. Escudier, Marie et Leon.—Vie et aventures des cantatrices célèbres, &c. Paris. 18mo. 3s.

Guérin, Th.—Biographie de l'empereur Souloque, avec portrait et autographe, &c. Paris. 18mo. Lasteyrie, F. de.—Histoire de la peinture sur verre, d'après ses monuments en France. 30 liv. Paris. Fol. (This splendid work on painting on glass is now finished, containing 110 coloured plates, with the text.) 45s.

Lecomte, Jules.—Le Poinard de cristal. Paris. 16mo. 1s. Livet, Charles.—Études sur la littérature française à l'époque de Richelieu et Mazarin. II., René le Pays (1634-1690). Paris. 8vo.

Maintenon, Mme. de.—Lettres historiques et édifiantes adressées aux dames de Saint-Louis. Publiées pour la première fois sur les manuscrits authentiques, avec des notes, par Th. Lavallée. 2 vols. Paris. 18mo. 7s.

Rémusat, Charles de.—L'Angleterre au XVIII. siècle. Études et portraits pour servir à l'histoire du gouvernement anglais depuis la fin du règne de Guillaume III. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 14s.

Rio, A. F.—Les quatre martyrs. Quatre biographies. Philippe Howard, or the martyr of truth. Ansaldo Ceba, or the martyr of charity. Hélena Cornaro, or the martyr of humanity. Marc-Antonio Bagadino, or the soldier martyr. Paris. 18mo.

Weill, Alex.—Contes d'Amour. Le Prince juste. La reine de fer et la reine de soie. Le prince d'or et la princesse diamant. Paris. 18mo. 1s.

GERMAN.

Boss, E.—Schiller's Jugendjahre, &c. (The youthtime of Schiller. Published by W. von Malzahn. 2 vols. with portrait.) Hannover. 8vo. 6s.

Dudum, D.—Pesther Briefe, &c. (Letters from Pesth on literature, art, the theatres, life, and the world.) Part I. Pesth. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Ein Blumstrauss, &c. (A bouquet of flowers, made up by the hand of a woman, for women and girls.) Jena. 16mo. 1s. 8d.

Höbel, F.—Gyges und sein Ring. (A tragedy in five acts.) Wien. 18mo. 1s.

Hettner, H.—Geschichte der englischen Literatur, &c. (History of English literature, from the Restoration to the second half of the 18th century, 1660—1770.) Braunschweig. 8vo.

Menschen und Dinge in Russland. (Men and things in Russia.) Gotha. 8vo.

Saphir, M. G.—Pariser Briefe, &c. (Parisian letters on life, art, society, and industry, at the time of the Universal Exhibition, 1855.) Leipzig. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schurz, A. X.—Lenu's Leben, &c. (The wife of L., drawn for the most part from the poet's own letters.) Stuttgart. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 28.

Victor Hugo's "Contemplations—The Fate of the Poets—A Ministerial Favourite—Flunkism in Ancient Rome and Modern Paris—Shakspeare's 'As You Like it' à la Française, by Mme. George Sand—'Françoise,' by the same writer—Mme. Ristori—Success of M. Legouvé's New Tragedy 'Medea'—The 'Figaro'—Treaty of Peace—The Authorities at Fault—'Journal des Employés.'"

FEW books have excited to such an extent the curiosity of the public as the two volumes just published by Victor Hugo, under the title of *Contemplations*. The day on which they issued from the press the various booksellers' shops were literally besieged, and in twenty-four hours the first edition was out of print. Now, considering that the price was rather high—12 francs—this is a proof of the genuine admiration and sympathy for the author far more significant than all the spurious enthusiasm which French critics indulge in so often at the expense of truth. Victor Hugo is a real poet. With all the impetuosity, passion, and tenderness, without which poetry cannot be said to exist, he has all the irrationality and inconsistency which seem, as it were, to distinguish him whom the Muse

Nascentem placido lumine videtur

from the rest of mankind, to compensate, as it were, by those disadvantages, the superior gifts of Providence. The *Contemplations* consist of miscellaneous poems written at various intervals between 1830 and 1856. To use the author's own words, "twenty-five years are comprised within those two volumes—'grande mortalité aevi spatium.' The author has allowed the book to grow, as it were, within himself; life, distilled drop by drop, through vicissitudes and sufferings, has formed it as a deposit in his heart. Those who bend over it will find their own image reflected by those deep and mournful waters which have accumulated in the depths of his soul." The *Sicile*, alluding to this part of the preface, says that thoughts more true have never been more simply expressed. It is, says the *Sicile*, the book of those who have loved and lived and suffered. Without sharing this opinion, I may state that it is unquestionably equal to many of Victor Hugo's earlier productions; but, like them, it shows that exaggeration of sadness and gloom which raised such a storm of disapproval against his "Hernani," at the time of the memorable quarrel between the *Classiques* and

the *Romantiques*. Where there is so much for which one can but express unqualified admiration, I may, perhaps, *humiliter quoniam*, be permitted to point out what seems to me a fault which is more or less perceptible in all that Hugo ever wrote. In a poem of love he never is the gallant and hopeful lover, but always mysterious, gloomy, and desponding; he implores his innamorata, not to live and be happy with him, but to take her share of his misery, or danger, as the case may be. Now, though no admirer of the school which, like the French *vaudevillistes* or fashionable English novels, has the knack of making things pleasant, those sombre hues which Victor Hugo diffuses over all his writings impart a monotony to his poems which, with an unprejudiced reader, must assuredly detract from its merits.

It is a curious coincidence that of the three poets France has given birth to since the fall of the first Empire, only one, and he more essentially than the other two the poet of the people—we mean Beranger—has been so favoured by destiny as to reach very nearly the full span of human life, in the enjoyment of an honourable independence and the admiration and respect of all whose consideration is worth having. Victor Hugo, as Dante and Uhland, has experienced

—si come s'a di sale
Lo pane altrui—

while Lamartine is obliged to eke out a precarious existence by that severest of toils, literary labour, with a mind already exhausted by the drains upon it, and distracted by the cares which oppress those who have to fight the battle of life for their daily bread.

It is painful to contrast the sad plight in which men of such eminence are placed by the force of circumstances, with the riches and honours heaped upon successful roguery. Some time since M. Fiorentino, an individual whom his rapacity in levying black mail upon the *gens artistiques* has made more famous than the smartness of his feuilletons in the *Constitutionnel* and the *Moniteur*, and whom this plunder has made far more wealthy than he could possibly have hoped to become by his sole literary exertions, was granted the cross of the Legion of Honour. A mere literary spadassin put on a level with a soldier who has been risking his life in daily encounters with the enemy, or a man of science who has benefited humanity by some great discovery!!! People were quite at a loss to account for the pretext on which the Legion of Honour was thus prostituted—the cause is plain enough, M. Fiorentino being a frequent and welcome guest at M. Fould's, and other high places where the company is equally select—but it seems that he has perpetrated a translation of Dante, which no one ever heard of, and for this meritorious work the scribe in question has received the badge of honour!—*Risum teneatis*.

M. Amedée de Cesena, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, but formerly one of the staunchest supporters of the Red Republic, Socialism, and M. Proudhon, has just perpetrated a piece of flunkeyism, which its absurdity might render amusing, if the nausea its cringing sycophantic tone must excite in every well-constituted mind did not overpower all other feelings. It is published as a pamphlet called *Les Napoléons et les Césars*. The first Emperor is compared to Julius Cæsar, and the present ruler of France to Augustus; the 18th Brumaire is described as another Pharsalia, the Coup-d'état of December is represented as a counterpart of the Battle of Actium. We need not pursue the so-called parallel further than to say that the well-known character whose name figures at all court balls, and whose mode of life bears so striking a resemblance with that of the celebrated Julia through whose fault poor Ovid was sent into exile, is not mentioned by M. de Cesena, though in this case there would have been assuredly more truth in the comparison than in any of the others. As long as despotic governments exist the trade of adulation will endure. The talent of those glorious old parasites, Flaccus and Maro, render it excusable; but M. de Cesena shows us by his own example that, although the French Empire is quite as well provided with court flatterers as that of ancient Rome, as far as talent is concerned the degeneracy of the breed is lamentably obvious.

There are many of your readers who are, doubtless, unacquainted with a book of Balzac's called "*Les Contes Drolatiques*." It is written not in modern French, but in

Phrase that: Time hath flung away—

in a word, in the dialect of the sixteenth century, which is sufficiently clear as to give one very little trouble to understand it. The purpose of this disguise is to enable the author to be as licentious as the authors of that day, and he really does not come very far short of the Seigneur de Brantôme or the fair Queen of Navarre. The book, in fact, is one which might bear the epigraph of one of Martial's—

—procul castæ matronæ, procul este puellæ!

A new edition of this curious work has just been published, illustrated with a taste and talent to which words cannot render justice, by M. Doré, a young artist whose name, though he is barely twenty, is already famous in France. Unlike the text, the illustrations have nothing which the most modest eye need shrink from—grotesque, and yet full of life and

truth, since the days when Doyle used to turn the pages of *Punch* into *chefs-d'œuvres* of wit and fancy; nothing superior to the designs of M. Doré has met our eye. We call the attention of all bibliophiles to this admirably got-up volume—even if unable to read it, the amusement they will derive from the engravings will entitle us to their gratitude in having done so.

We have just witnessed a base attempt here to assassinate an illustrious Englishman—to wit, our William Shakspeare, a gentleman who, although enjoying a large and not undeserved share of popularity in his own country, is scarcely known in France, except by name, which is indeed much talked of, and even written about, like many other things which are little understood in the good city of Paris. Dropping metaphor, Mme. George Sand, the style of writing in whose novels is known and admired in England as much as in France, and whose success as a novelist has unfortunately tempted her to dabble with the drama, lately undertook to alter Shakspeare's charming comedy "*As You Like it*," for the French stage, and it has been brought out at the Théâtre Français. In this notable production we find the sparkling, elegant, witty, sensible Rosalind—one of Shakspeare's unapproachable *chefs-d'œuvres*—all but suppressed—the poetry and sentiment of the character being evidently a sealed book to the French lady. So much of the dialogue of this delightful rôle as has been deemed worth preserving is transferred to her cousin Celia; and, to complete the travesty, the arranger has knocked up a marriage between Celia and "the melancholy Jaques," besides transforming that prince of shrewd humourists, Touchstone, into a vulgar Merry Andrew. The play was as well acted as could be expected by intelligent *artistes*, who evidently did not comprehend either the nature of the parts or the piece they represented; and, the spectators being much in the same predicament, its reception was correspondingly cool. We have copyright laws for the protection of Messrs. Scribe and Co.: is there no means of preserving the greatest of poets from sacrilegious outrages like this?

Mme. George Sand, who seems to have some kind of Government protection, has likewise produced a comedy at the Gymnase, *Françoise*, which it seems had been accepted at the Français, but subsequently withdrawn. It is another of those tales of provincial life for which this lady has a marked *pénchant*, but is so abominably stupid that all Paris is laughing at the Committee of the Théâtre Français for having received it—forgetting that there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne (theatrical) itself.

We are about to have another revolution! Start not at the word, though it is an ill-omened one in Paris; the revolution now in contemplation is purely pacific, and is confined to the drama. The success of Mme. Ristori, the great Italian tragedian, which last year was very great, this season amounts to a perfect *furor*. Not that her acting is better, but because she has appeared in a French tragedy—or, what amounts to the same thing, one written by a French poet, Ernest Legouvé, which is so literally and at the same time beautifully translated into Italian, that the unlearned are enabled to follow the play word for word, and enjoy it as much as though written in their native tongue. Added to this, the personation of "*Medea*," the great character of the drama, by Mme. Ristori, is one of those displays of genius which make an epoch in the history of the stage. Old Paris play-lovers compare her passion to the fiery energy of Talma, when warmed to enthusiasm; but with the great French actress of the day there are no points of comparison. Rachel's well studied effects, imposing and sometimes sublime as they are, have nothing in common with the spontaneous emotion, that intense feeling with which the great Italian tragedian throws her whole being into the creations of her poet, giving to every line a stamp of reality, the influence of which over the spectator is positively indescribable, without an appearance of exaggeration. Lamartine describes her as materially and mentally beautiful; and in truth, such various attributes for the stage have seldom been combined in one person. A tall commanding figure, features cast in the finest mould of classic beauty, a deep blue eye, so expressive as scarcely to require the aid of a voice which, without being loud, seems to have every feeling and passion upon its scale. Such are nature's gifts to Adelaide Ristori for the theatre. Her style of acting would appear, from what we read of the great Siddons, to combine much of the grace and dignity of the Kembles, so long the most precious ornaments of the English drama, with the impulsive earnestness of that child of genius, Edmund Kean. As you are about to have Mme. Ristori in London, this little sketch of her appearance and the style of her acting may not be out of place. When your readers have witnessed her performances they will see I have rather under-rated her powers than the reverse. Faithful to my mission as Critic, I must, however, warn you that, like everything Italian, from the *faccino* who runs of your errands in the street to the *podesta* on his judgment-seat, her gesticulation is more demonstrative than we are accustomed to in our theatres. This, however, is little perceptible in Mme. Ristori; but the other *artistes* certainly "saw the air" too much for the calm propriety of English taste.

Medea has been acted nightly since its first representation, and is announced for every night the next fortnight. The theatre is constantly crowded to excess, so that there can be no doubt of its permanent success at present, though at first it was doubted. It is well known that Mlle. Rachel, who had first expressed herself delighted with the principal character, subsequently threw it up, and was condemned by a court of law (the author having brought an action of damages) to enact the part within a certain period, or pay the author 500 francs for every day's delay after that date. The actress appealed from this decision, and, having interest in high places, the proceedings were put an end to by the Government officer declaring that, the Théâtre Français being under the direction of the Ministre, the courts of law or justice had no jurisdiction. The poor author (M. Legouvé is a man of fortune, *en passant*) locked up his tragedy, where it would still have remained had it not been for the advent of Mme. Ristori last year. No sooner had he witnessed her performance than he proposed a translation of his "*Medea*." Fortunately for the author, a distinguished Italian poet, Signor Montanelli, was residing in Paris, an exile from his country; to him this task was a labour of love, and he has with rare felicity preserved all the grace and spirit of the original with a verbal fidelity quite remarkable. It is needless to say that the great element of success is the acting of *La Ristori*. The author has followed Euripides and Apollodorus in his plot—judiciously, however, omitting all allusion to the feats of his heroine as a magician; so that she is represented simply as a royal exile, arriving at Corinth with her two children in search of her husband, Jason. Exhausted and destitute, they reach the city at the moment the marriage-rites are preparing to celebrate the nuptials of the faithless Jason with Cræsa, the princess of Corinth. The fatal truth soon reaches her, and after long and vain attempts to revive the love of Jason, to whom she is madly attached, she resolves upon vengeance. To effect this she sacrifices the princess and her own two children, on whom the affections of Jason are wholly concentrated; and on the horror-stricken husband, gazing on the murdered infants, demanding who has been guilty of a deed so fearful, *Medea* replies, with a look of horror and despair that only can be imagined by those who have seen Ristori, "*Tu*!"—and the curtain descends.

There are, of course, different opinions as to the merits of the play, but none as to the manner in which the illustrious tragedian acts the principal part. Even those little animalcule of criticism who think to pay their court to Mlle. Rachel by denying altogether the merits of Mme. Ristori are obliged to confess her power over the feelings of the spectators; but J. J. of the *Debats*, Théophile Gautier of the *Moniteur*, and all the other influential writers on the drama in Paris, are unanimous in their eulogiums on this magnificent performer. The tragedy itself would, however, be repulsive to many were it not that the rage and jealousy of *Medea* are throughout softened and redeemed by the tenderness of maternal love. Both are rendered by the actress with inimitable talent, the latter most powerfully exciting the sympathies of the audience. It is pleasant to wind up this part of my letter with the fact which has just reached me, that nightly, at present, the warmest applause of Mme. Ristori is Mlle. Rachel, who has but lately arrived from the country.

One of the Paris minor journals, called the *Figaro*, which has had the misfortune to be frequently pulled up before the tribunals, and laboured, in the person of its editors, under a number of condemnations to fine and imprisonment, lately bethought itself of a means of escape. Following an example set in the time of the great Napoleon after the birth of the King of Rome, our worthy *Figaro* drew up a petition to the lately-born prince, praying his influence to obtain a remission of the various sentences passed against him. The thing was rather smartly done, and the prayer was granted. Our friend the Tonsor is therefore now a free man, and it is to be hoped will remain so. It is only right to say that politics had no share in his condemnations. They were chiefly for petty libels and defamations against poor actresses, writers for the press (among others Jules Janin), and altogether of a class that reflects no honour upon *Figaro*, and very little upon those who would fain take credit for a kindly feeling towards the press by extending indulgence to offences which justly merit punishment. We do not hear of any pardons granted for offences of the press of a more important kind; and the ridiculous manner in which seizures of foreign papers are made for containing articles, which identical articles are allowed to pass when copied into another paper of the same date, give one a most contemptuous feeling for the bungling despotism carried on by the underlings of authority. These silly proceedings cannot be known to the Government, which has far too much sagacity to render itself uselessly unpopular. One instance I may mention. The *Daily News* was seized two or three days ago for containing the treaty of peace, and an immense noise made about the breaches of faith, &c. &c. by which that precious document had been obtained, which were to be visited with condign punishment. While all this uproar was proceeding, your evening contemporaries—*Globe*, *Standard*, *Sun*, &c., all with the terrible treaty copied

in *extenso*—were quietly allowed to pass the official Cerberus, and circulate through the reading rooms of Paris and all over the Continent.

A little journal has just been started, entitled *Le Journal des Employés*, intended to contain advertisements and information for those who want occupation as clerks, porters in shops, &c. The first number contains a curious list of *employés* who afterwards became eminent in literature. Crébillon, the renowned dramatist, was clerk in a notary's office; Balzac a similar post at a notary's in the Rue du Temple; Béranger worked in a printing office; Alexander Dumas, clerk in a public office; Paul de Kock, in the Custom-house; Frederick Soulié, at a Tax-office; Gustave de Wailly, Léon Pellet, Théodore Anne, Léon Gozlan, and a host of others, all since arrived at a certain degree of celebrity, were employed as clerks in various offices.

AMERICA.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston (U.S.): Ticknor and Fields.

ORIGINALITY is the chief virtue of a book. It includes veracity, for the truly original man is the truly veracious; he is not a mere soundpipe or echo, but alive in the world, and tells us how he finds it. Thousands of books are published every year, most of them the pouring of one vessel into another, books about books, old notions, old phrases turned once again. Professional critics, too, living in the thick of this noisy manufacture, are usually the last, among men who read, to distinguish a real from a pseudo excellence, or to greet the truly original book which has nature's pure juices in its veins. Their great poet is never the true dawning star, their supreme philosopher is likely to prove an ignis-fatuus; but the heavens move on, and at last they too acknowledge the genuine ray, they loudest of all, when it is lifted high from the horizon. So much for a general remark. Mr. Thoreau, author of "*Walden*" and "*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*," is not a literary artist or professional teacher; but he has given us two volumes of homegrown experiences—mark! *homegrown experiences*—things he has seen and known—thoughts and feelings actually born in the mind of an honest intelligent man among the trees and streams of Massachusetts. Books he has studied, new and old, and the society of cultivated persons, but still better the language of birds, fishes, herbs, clouds, fogs, snow, sunbeams, nor failed in sympathy and collaboration with the farmer, squatter, hunter, woodman, and villager. In short, he has lived heartily where he was put, has tried, observed, and reflected on all that came near him, and out of his store given us some pages of record very delightful to read, and comprising a suggestion for the amelioration of human life not the least practical in the crowd of such suggestions. His *Walden* text is this, *simplify your wants*, and, in accordance with it, he himself went out to the banks of a clear pool, about a mile and a half from the village of Concord, in Massachusetts, and there built and lived for two years in a hut of wood, growing most of his own victuals with easy labour. The example could seldom be followed in its particulars, and, perhaps, should not if it could; but the principle is well worth the consideration of thoughtful men—Nature versus Fashion, Substance versus Appearance, Real Education versus Luxury, Life versus Cash. Henry Thoreau has written down some things from his life at *Walden Pond*; and the volume is worth reading and re-reading. We do not get such a book every day, or often in a century.

In most books, the *I*, or first person, is omitted; in this it will be retained; that, in respect to egotism, is the main difference. We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself if there were any body else whom I knew as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experience. Moreover, I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely, it must have been in a distant land to me. Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students. As for the rest of my readers, they will accept such portions as apply to them. I trust that none will stretch the seams in putting on the coat, for it may do good service to him whom it fits.

We shall present some extracts, requiring little

or no comment to explain or recommend them. Here are pregnant sentences:

It is asserted that civilisation is a real advance in the condition of man—and I think that it is, though only the wise improve their advantages—it must be shown that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run. . . . I cannot but perceive that this so-called rich and refined life is a thing jumped at. . . . Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation. . . . I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest art. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. . . . The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether they do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. . . . If men would steadily observe realities only, and not allow themselves to be deluded, life, to compare it with such things as we know, would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be, music and poetry would resound along the streets. When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence—that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality. This is always exhilarating and sublime. By closing the eyes and slumbering, and consenting to be deceived by shows, men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit everywhere, which still is built on purely illusory foundations. . . . If we were always indeed getting our living, and regulating our lives according to the last and best mode we had learned, we should never be troubled with ennui. Follow your genius closely enough, and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. . . . For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. . . . Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs. . . . Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

His sketches of natural history and the landscape are most fresh and charming. Here is a glimpse of

WALDEN POND ITSELF.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal convective. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains. This small lake was of most value as a neighbour in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood-thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. . . . White Pond and *Walden* are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be

clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors for ever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. They are too pure to have a market value; they contain no muck. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters, are they! We never learned meanness of them.

IN THE WOODLAND.

Sometimes I rambled to pine groves, standing like temples, or like fleets at sea, full-rigged, with wavy boughs, and rippling with light, so soft and green and shady that the Druids would have forsaken their oaks to worship in them; or to the cedar wood beyond Flints' Pond, where the trees, covered with hoary blue berries, spiring higher and higher, are fit to stand before Valhalla, and the creeping juniper covers the ground with wreaths full of fruit; or to swamps where the usnea lichen hangs in festoons from the white-spruce trees, and toadstools, round tables of the swamp gods, cover the ground, and more beautiful fungi adorn the stumps, like butterflies or shells, vegetable winkles; where the swamp-pink and dogwood grow, the red alderberry glows like eyes of imps, the waxwort grooves and crushes the hardest woods in its folds, and the wild holly berries make the beholder forget his home with their beauty, and he is dazzled and tempted by nameless other wild forbidden fruits, too fair for mortal taste. Instead of calling on some scholar, I paid many a visit to particular trees, of kinds which are rare in this neighbourhood, standing far away in the middle of some pasture, or in the depths of a wood or swamp, or on a hill-top; such as the black-birch, of which we have some handsome specimens two feet in diameter; its cousin the yellow-birch, with its loose golden vest, perfumed like the first; the beech, which has so neat a bole and beautifully lichen-painted, perfect in all its details, of which, excepting scattered specimens, I know but one small grove of sizeable trees left in the township, supposed by some to have been planted by the pigeons that were once baited with beech nuts near by; it is worth the while to see the silver grain sparkle when you split this wood; the bass; the hornbeam; the *Celtis occidentalis*, or false elm, of which we have but one well grown; some taller mast of a pine, a shingle tree, or a more perfect hemlock than usual, standing like a pagoda in the midst of the woods; and many others I could mention. These were the shrines I visited both summer and winter. Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinging the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through coloured crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which, for a short while, I lived like a dolphin.

WILD GOOSE AND CAT-OWL.

One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond toward Fair Haven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commode honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *boo-hoo* him out of Concord horizon. What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and a larynx as well as yourself? *Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!* It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard.

How graphic and interesting is this

BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down,

or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. . . . I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavouring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

In conclusion, Mr. Thoreau tells us merely that he "left the woods for as good a reason as he went there," adding—

I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favour in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the licence of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

This volume has its faults, no doubt, and the realising and rhetorical jar together sometimes on our ear. The letter is not for general application, but the spirit is—*Walden* being a brave book, one in a million, an honour to America, a gift to men. A grateful reader of it wrote these lines on the fly-leaf of his copy:

Walden's placid woodland pool
Across the wild waves hoary,
In whose fountain clear and cool
I intend to swim.
British lakes, Italian, Swiss,
Prouder, lovelier than this,
Echo song and story;
Wide are the Indian waters; but
By Walden one man built a hut—
I often think of him.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, April 20.

The Excavations at Ostia—Antique Roman Paintings—Dr. Braun's "Ruins and Museums of Rome"—Modern Art—The German Archaeologic Institute—Restoration of the Basilica of St. Agnes—Music of the Holy Week. THE excavations which have been for some time in progress at Ostia have led to interesting and valuable results. In three places there the ground has been opened, and everywhere it is evident that no previous researches had ransacked the buried treasures of this now forlorn region on the pestilential Maremma. The most precious objects hitherto brought to light are the following: four large mosaics, with black figures on a white ground, one of superior effect and execution to the rest—described, indeed, as scarcely surpassed in beauty by any coloured works of this description and antiquity; about one hundred inscriptions, some on *cippi*, surrounded by ornamental sculptures, some containing indications of public and private offices in ancient Rome that curiously illustrate her annals; eight ossuary urns of great beauty, some in the forms of houses and temples, others adorned with masks, busts, rams' heads, fruit, flowers, and figures of children in relief, and among the epitaphs on which are many names of great families celebrated in the first century of the empire; five sarcophagi, of which two are adorned with graceful reliefs of nymphs riding on tritons that swim in the sea—one of the received symbols of Elysian bliss in the monumental sculpture of Paganism—all perfectly preserved; a statue of a female veiled, wearing the *prætexa* and *bullæ*, in recumbent attitude, of life-size and good execution; a bust of admirable style, recognised, by comparison with medals and other sculptures, as the portrait of Julia, daughter of Augustus, found in a niche carefully walled up, as if to conceal and yet preserve it—a peculiarity to be accounted for, as itself illustratively historic, by reference to the well-known tale of disorders and disgraces that have rendered infamous the memory of that princess. And it is remarkable that precisely in this manner immured, yet so as to be more effectually preserved, were found other busts of historic personages celebrated for the vicissitudes of their fortunes, as the triumphs Anthony and Lepidos, now in the Vatican. All other objects have been left at Ostia, for the most part on the spots where they were found; but this bust of Julia alone has now its place in the Chiaramonte Museum at the Vatican. It represents a female past the bloom of youth, but not without beauty or characteristics of intellect—the hair low and braided in minutely wavy lines, the brow low and flat, the eyes large and melancholy, the expression that of one whose existence is false, careworn from the necessity for concealment or restraint. The execution is most delicate, the marble of a fine mellow tint, like the most prized Greek species. In the same room with the celebrated "Nozze Aldobrandini," belonging to the Library-side of the Vatican, have lately been placed the antique frescoes, discovered, about seven years ago, in digging for the foundations of houses near S. Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline Hill.

Of these eight frescoes two were illustrated with much learning in a work by the late Abate Matrangola, explaining their subjects as from the Odyssey, and of those two copies have long stood in the Capitoline Museum; but the originals of the entire set, carefully removed from the ancient walls without injury, are now first made public. Each pair is divided by painted pilasters in vermilion, which support a painted cornice running above the whole series, now divided into four pieces. To the wanderings of Ulysses it is evident that all these compositions refer. In one we see a company, almost nude, endeavouring to effect a landing on a mountainous coast from several vessels—long galleys with sharply-pointed prows, that lie moored in a land-locked bay; but the strangers are opposed by a savage race, who attack them with clubs and huge stones, this combat giving occasion for attitudes designed with no inferior spirit and science. In another is a group of females drawing water from a well surrounded by quadrangular stonework; a mountain beyond, on whose summit are figures engaged in athletic exercises; and on the slope below, stretched in sleep or intoxication, a giant of enormous proportions, evidently meant for Polyphemus. In another we see a portico with Doric columns, in excellent perspective, and an extent of lateral buildings, in front of which are a few figures in attitudes of repose, that seem to imply engagement in the calm intercourse of friendship. In another, a mountain-valley stretching to the sea-shore, advancing towards which is a procession of many persons in long, graceful robes, who receive with courtesy the same company of Greeks, apparently just landed; and an expression of urbane serenity pervades this group in a manner peculiarly pleasing. One fresco is almost totally obliterated, with not a single figure distinguishable. The remaining two are those explained by Matrangola: a group on the sea-shore engaged in athletic sports, recognised as the Greeks just landed, and thus either celebrating some rites or recruiting themselves after their fatigues—and the landing of the messengers sent by Ulysses at Lamos (a city identified by Matrangola with the ancient Anxur and the modern Terracina); where they met the

daughter of Antiphates and her handmaids descending to draw water from a fountain near the strand; the princess in a violet tunic, with a yellow peplus flowing from the head to the feet, the Greeks in the chlamys, petasus, and buskins; and near to this group, seated on the shore, the figure of a youth, noble and graceful, who wears a purple mantle, and has horns on his head, this being recognised by Matrangola as *Apollo Nomios*, styled by Greek poets "the horned." This learned Abate argued that the ruins on the Esquiline, where these paintings were discovered, could be no other than the portico of Livia, built by Augustus (mentioned in Ovid's *Fasti*), and that the frescoes were copies from Polygnotos, whose illustrations of the Odyssey are noticed by Pausanias.

In these details the figure-drawing is for the most part free and vigorous, but the landscape perhaps still more remarkable, because displaying a poetic feeling for the wildly beautiful in Nature generally absent from the antique paintings hitherto known, and which, indeed, there is reason for concluding to have been generally deficient in the mind as in the arts of antiquity, nor possible under a polytheistic faith in anything like the degree of power and depth that feeling has attained under Christianity.

The "Ruins and Museums of Rome," by Dr. Emil Braun—the well-known archaeologist connected with the German Institute, whose seat is the Tarpeian Rock—published in German at Brunswick, and now much in request here both in the original and an English translation, is a work far superior to the average of guide-books. The author in his preface advises against the study of his art-descriptions in presence of the very objects to which they refer, and announces his intention to inform the mind as to the character and history of the creations of ancient sculpture in Rome previously to their inspection by his readers. Very useful and animated are his opening chapters, designed to serve for guidance in antiquarian rambles through the several regions of this city; and there is a principle observed here which it is important that the tourist whose time is at all limited should conform to, namely, that of choosing well, not only what may be seen, but what may be left unseen. An antiquarian like Dr. Braun gives interest to all he touches, and few residents, even most familiar with Rome's *mirabilia*, will fail to derive new information, or be assisted to juster appreciation, from these pages. Particularly acceptable, because more full and intelligent than other accounts, are many notices here on those monuments less universally understood and less conspicuously placed than others—as on the beautiful reliefs, the spoils from the destroyed arch of Trajan, now adorning that of Constantine; on the Temple of Castor and Pollux (ruins for which not less than twenty different designations have been proposed); and on the exquisitely beautiful fragment, with columns half buried in earth, hitherto left neglected and unexcavated, belonging to the superb portico surrounding the Temple of Pallas (no longer extant) in the Forum of Nerva. Popular errors must be refuted, even when pleasing, by the antiquarian as well as the historian; and one is constrained to allow that Dr. Braun has reason on his side in rejecting the claims of the so-called Grotto of Egeria, not less than in disputing the ecclesiastical tradition of the miraculous font in the Mamertine Prisons, which he shows authority for supposing anterior to the time it is said to have gushed forth suddenly for the baptism of the jailors converted here by St. Paul and St. Peter. The account of the Vatican Museum strikes me as decidedly the most carefully worked up and complete yet supplied for use within the limits of a portable volume, and especially acceptable in the notices of late additions to that collection, as the *Apoxyomenos* (athlete rubbing himself with the strigil) disinterred in Trastevere, 1848, pronounced by Dr. B. a copy from a celebrated bronze by Lysippus, and for truthfulness, vivid presentment of nature, considered by him one of the most admirable among all antiques. The Belvedere Apollo is the inspiring subject to some eloquently-expressed observations; nor is the intrinsic merit of that divine work at all lowered by the view here maintained of its being a copy (in Carrara marble probably, though from a quarry no longer open) from a bronze, itself probably the development of an idea manifested in some more ancient Greek original of smaller scale in marble. That graciously-beautiful and godlike figure, the Belvedere Mercury, it is here suggested, may be a copy from Polykleitos, with the character of perfect symmetry recorded of whose statues, and even their favourite attitude, leaving the weight of the body on one leg (mentioned by Pliny), it exactly corresponds. It is strange that neither Poussin, who made this statue his peculiar study for years, nor any other critics, have yet arrived at the conjecture of Dr. Braun respecting its author. As to the style of the volume by this writer, for practical purposes more brevity might be desired, and more conciseness in some of the passages purely æsthetic—I speak of the German not the English, which former proves rather difficult to a reader not more familiar with that language than myself.

(To be continued.)

* Of Matrangola's illustrations I have already given more in letters communicated to your pages. See THE CRITIC for June 15th and July 1st, 1853.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

At the Royal Institution, Professor Thomson, in a paper "on the origin and transformation of motive power," directed his arguments to show that "a careful study of nature leads to no firmer conviction than that work cannot be done without producing an indestructible equivalent of mechanical effect;" referring the term work done to the action of a force pressing against a body which yields, and mechanical effect to the resistance overcome, or matter set in motion. For instance, the apparent loss of mechanical effect by the rotation of water in a basin—instead of supposing that its motion had come to nothing, it has been proved beyond all doubt that heat was generated by the friction of the fluid, and by actual experiment the temperature of water was raised 30° in half an hour by the revolution of a circular disc in a shallow circular case of water. The experiments of Joule in 1849 gave the best determination yet obtained; "according to which, it appears that 772 pounds of work, that is, 772 times the amount of work required to overcome a force equal to the weight of 1lb., though the space of one foot is required to generate as much heat as will raise the temperature of a pound of water by one degree." Any piece of matter or any group of bodies, however connected, either in motion or capable of motion, without external assistance, has what is called mechanical energy. The energy of motion may be called dynamical or actual energy, and the energy of matter at rest may be called potential or a store of energy. A stone, at a height, or an elevated reservoir of water have potential energy. If the stone is let fall, its potential is converted into actual energy during descent, and is transformed into heat at the moment of coming to rest on the ground. If the water flows down by a gradual channel, its potential energy is converted into heat, and it becomes warmer by a degree Fahrenheit for every 772 feet of descent. With regard to the reverse, the transformation of heat into mechanical work—of this a steam-engine was an illustration; the heat taken in by the machine from the source of heat in one locality is given out at another locality, but at a lower temperature; and the difference of this quantity of heat is the mechanical equivalent to the motive power developed. In reference to the application of mechanical principles to the mechanical actions of living creatures, "it appears certain that a living animal has not the power of originating mechanical energy; and that all the work done by a living animal in the course of its life, and all the heat that has been emitted from it, together with the heat that would be obtained by burning the combustible matter which has been lost from its body during its life, and by burning its body after death, make up together an exact equivalent to the heat that would be obtained by burning as much food as it has used during its life, and an amount of fuel that would generate as much heat as its body if burned immediately after death. On the other hand, the dynamical energy of the vibrations of light is the mechanical power allotted to plants to enable them to draw carbon from carbonic acid and hydrogen from water." Professor Thomson traced the sources available to man for the production of mechanical effect to the sun's heat, and the rotation of the earth round its axis; or, in other words, that "the potential energy of gravitation may be in reality the ultimate created antecedent of all motion, heat, and light at present existing in the universe."

The importance of an established and speedy means of communication to our Australian possessions and to the western coasts of America demands especial attention. In considering the various schemes to traverse the narrow neck of land between the Atlantic and Pacific—a subject brought forward at the Civil Engineers, by Mr. Kelly, of the United States—it appears, from the statements made, that the Tehuantepec route, which is 210 miles in length, would require 150 locks, besides great improvements in the harbours at both ends. The Honduras Route is open to the same objection as to locks, besides the probable deficiency of water. The Nicaragua line, 194 miles in length, would require 28 locks, the river St. Juan must be deepened, improvements made in the harbour of Greytown, and a new harbour constructed on the Pacific. The Chiriqui route has been pronounced impracticable. The Panama would require 36 locks and 6 aqueducts, besides vast alterations in the approaches on either side. The Darien route had been reported favourably; but Mr. Kelly advocated the Atrato line of communication, which had been already pointed out by Humboldt. This plan was to unite the head-waters of the Atrato River, which discharged itself by the Bay of Candelaria into the Gulf of Darien, with those of the San Juan, which flowed into the Pacific. The works required would be widening and deepening of the river Atrato, a canal 13 miles in length, and a double tunnel of 31 miles, with a width of 200 and a height of 120 feet, so

as to allow of the passage of the largest vessels, by merely lowering the topmasts. This line would be 131½ miles in length, with a minimum width of 200 feet and depth of 30 feet, and without locks or obstruction of any kind. Nor would any difficulty arise from the tidal influence, and excellent harbours existed at both ends. The entire cost was estimated at 30,000,000l.—an amount, although large, yet counterbalanced by the enormous advantages that would accrue to the commerce of the world.

Late researches have shown that a vast amount of coal exists in the north of France known as the Valenciennes basin. Mr. Laurent has communicated to the Geological Society the result of the works in this coal basin of the department of the "Nord" and the "Pas de Calais." At the commencement of the last century, France possessed but one mine in the north of France, that of Auzin. The works were extended in 1832 to Douai, and subsequently concessions were made to other parts, but since abandoned. Six years after, researches made to the north-west of Douai showed that this was the right direction. In all the sinkings, from Valenciennes to the furthest point, chalk forms the "head" (*mort-terrain*), of varying thickness, separated from the coal by a bed of greensand, from 1 to 3 metres thick; to the north of the Aire alternations of sands and clays occur which render it necessary to line the sinkings as the work advances. The coal lies at a depth varying from 180 metres or 195 yards to 85 metres or about 92 yards. Nearly 2,000,000 francs have been expended by various companies, all formed of private persons, and in 150 sinkings "numerous workings have resulted which have increased beyond all expression the wealth of these two departments." Similar works have been carried on in the department of the Moselle, and coal has already been met with at a depth of from 200 to 300 metres.

Mr. Dugald Campbell, at the Chemical Society, entered into statements to show that the theories as to the source of the water of the deep wells in the chalk under London were not tenable. One most strenuously maintained is that these wells are partly supplied from the infiltration of sea water, and partly from the infiltration of water from the chalk in the upper strata. The advocates of this theory urge in its favour that those wells which are below Trinity high-water mark have a large quantity of solid saline matter, while those which are above have comparatively a small quantity. Taking the water from the Trafalgar-square well, and from Watford, as the types respectively—it had been stated that there is a gradual increase of saline matter in the deep wells, as found from analyses made in 1846 and in 1849. Mr. Campbell, on the contrary having in 1850 analysed the water of the Trafalgar-square wells, found that the solid contents were actually less than stated in the previous accounts; and subsequent examination proved that the salts have, so far from increasing, decreased—"a result rather fatal to the idea of a percolation of sea water in the wells." Another view of the source of the deep-well water is that it is ordinary chalk water which has been decomposed by percolating through the chalk strata, and has no sea water in its composition. The explanation is that silicate of soda is found in the chalk, which being decomposed by the carbonate of lime, insoluble silicate of lime deposits, and the carbonate of soda gets into solution in its place. This may account for the increase of the carbonate of soda, and decrease of the carbonate of lime, but does not afford a solution of the presence of chloride of sodium and sulphate of soda. Mr. Campbell also advances a view not hitherto noticed, that there is scarcely any indication of nitrates in the proper deep-well water; whereas all the chalk waters contain a notable quantity of the nitrates, which goes to prove that the water does not originally come from any ordinary chalk stratum.

At the same Society Professor Abel, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in a lecture upon the applications of chemistry to the war department, stated that great improvements had recently been effected by the pressure of the war, by the chemical examination of all stores admitted into the arsenal, whereby pure pigments, oils, &c., instead of the adulterated articles, had been supplied. Oxide of zinc from Liège formed the best white paint. Pattinson's oxichloride of lead was preferable to ordinary white lead. Sulphate of baryta was largely used for adulterating white and coloured pigments. In consequence of the urgent demand for firearms it was impossible to obtain a sufficiency of naturally-dried woods. The wood for the gun-stocks, &c. was consequently dried artificially by hot air and steam. There was great difficulty in transporting gunpowder in a dry condition. Some of the powder in the Crimea, having become damp in its transit, had to be removed from the barrels with pickaxes. The powder is now sent out in vulcanised canvass bags, contained in barrels. The bags consequently serve many useful purposes. Wooden barrack buildings are rendered fire-proof, or

nearly so, by successive applications of soluble glass and limewash. Minié rifle bullets are made by moulding from perfectly pure and consequently very soft lead, obtained by Pattinson's process. A million and a half of these bullets were produced per week from two of Mr. Anderson's machines. The Shrapnell shell bullets are cast from an alloy of lead and antimony. The crude alloy is obtained from Hamburg, and is cheaper than either lead or antimony. The English mix chlorate of potash, the French nitrate of potash, with the fulminating mercury used for filling percussion caps. The English caps are less liable to corrosion than the French. English gunpowder is, as a rule, denser and more uniform in its composition than foreign gunpowder, and keeps much better. From the more porous condition of the foreign powder, the whole of the charge is invariably consumed, whereas with the English powder portions of the unconsumed charge frequently escape from the aperture of the gun, and are occasionally blown back upon the gunners by the force of the wind. The French method of purifying nitre by washing has been substituted for the English process of crystallisation and fusion with great advantage. In the casting of bronze guns, the great difficulty is to prevent the separation of the different metals forming the alloy, whereby the guns are not uniform in composition, are in parts crystalline, and even present cavities in their structure. Some of these guns are now cast with a core, to facilitate rapid cooling, and thereby prevent the decomposition of the alloy.

There has been a public display in Dublin of illumination from peat gas; the first exhibition of the results of the long labour of Mr. P. L. Johnson. The light is more brilliant, more free from colour than that produced from coal; and the peat gas also possesses more illuminating property. The importance of the discovery will be very great for Ireland, by bringing into general operation a material with which it is so abundantly supplied.

The descendants of the mineuters of the *Bounty* have found their own island home too small for their increasing numbers. There are now 180 inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, and information has been communicated to the Royal Geographical Society that the islanders have, after much deliberation, accepted the offer made to them by the British Government, to remove to Norfolk Island, being convinced that their own island was not large enough for them; but they wished to stipulate that, as they had lived happily without the access of strangers, they might have the exclusive possession of Norfolk Island.

BOYDELL'S PATENT ENDLESS RAILWAY.—The application of steam-power to agriculture has been overcome by this invention. It is obvious that for agricultural operations the weight of the engine is a serious objection, especially over rough and uneven, or soft and miry ground. The objection is obviated by the application of the endless railway to the wheels themselves. This is effected by a series of broad and flat shoes, each with a rail upon it, placed upon the wheels, so that, as the wheel revolves on its axis, one of the flat shoes, of which there are six upon the wheel, is brought to the ground, and the wheel passing over the shoe on the ground, brings another shoe down in succession; and thus an endless railway is adjusted. A man is required to guide it in front, the engineer being behind. A steam-engine, with the endless railway attached, can ascend a gradient of one in three, and perform all the operations usually required to be done by horses. The endless railway has also been successfully applied to wheels on which a life-boat was swung, which by this means was enabled to be drawn over deep shingle and sand, where the ordinary wheels would inevitably have stuck. The shoes add no great weight to the wheels, being made of wood shod with iron. The rate of speed varies as the diameter of the wheels. Thus wheels of four feet diameter will travel four miles an hour; and so on to seven feet diameter, and a corresponding ratio of speed—the greatest yet tried. This limit is fixed in consequence of the necessity that the shoes should have time to adjust themselves under the wheels, which could not take place at a greater rate of speed.

SMOKE-CONSUMING COOKING APPARATUS.—In this the principle of Dr. Arnott's smoke-consuming fire-grate has been applied and carried out by Messrs. Edwards and Son, Poland-street, so as to combine this principle to the utmost advantage with the apparatus for cooking. This is a kitchen-range with an iron slab on the top; the fire-grate is in the centre; under it the coals are placed on a box for the day's consumption; the fire is lighted on the top; and, as the coals are consumed, the coal-box is gradually lifted up from the bottom to the fire-grate range by means of a lever. By this means the smoke is entirely consumed, and the heat, being compressed by the iron slab, exerts its influence on the slab itself, upon which cooking can be carried on, as well as on the boiler at the back; and, passing downwards

at the sides, two ovens, one on either side, are heated: it is then carried to the back, and thence by the flues into the chimney. The whole apparatus is thus subject to the influence of heat, and this from a small fire only, the strength of which is far beyond that from ordinary grates, and which can be regulated by a circular regulator. A saving is thus effected in the consumption of coals; for, as the coals are supplied to the fire from the bottom, the gas is consumed completely, there being no waste up the chimney, as in the ordinary grate, and also, a very material point, that there are no ashes, and consequently no dirt; and after the coals are once laid no further care is required, although, in the event of more coals being required than are put in, there is an iron door through which they may be introduced. The apparatus seems complete in every department.

CONDENSED EGG.—A process has been devised by Messrs. Thurgar, of the Albion Mills, Norwich, for drying eggs, so that they will keep good for any length of time. This is effected by evaporation. The yolk and white of the egg are exposed to a slow heat, and the moisture is thus driven off. The whole is then reduced to powder and packed up in tins. The material is not necessarily kept air-tight, but may be freely exposed to the air. The powder is used in the ordinary way as eggs are, being mixed with a little water, and is thus an excellent substitute for milk on long voyages, besides capable of being used for all cooking purposes in the same way as the fresh egg. The powder will keep any length of time without fear of deterioration.

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.—In the *Builder* for April 5, 1856, is a view of the *State House, Massachusetts*, which has been lately altered and enlarged by Messrs. Gridley and Bryant, architects. We know not what portions of the building are among the new or altered parts; but we may speak with much commendation of the great central compartment of the front shown by the engraving, as a well-compounded adaptation of the Wren school; the two clock and bell turrets being very close imitations of the campaniles of St. Paul's in London. To serve, however, the educational purpose we have in view in these criticisms, we shall venture on a few remarks. The octagonal bell-chambers are too immediately imposed on the square clock-chambers supporting them; and in this particular they lack the artistic care which Wren exhibits in his examples, where the square below is made to resolve itself pleasingly into the octagonal form above by an elevation of the plain pedestal of the latter, and the application of urn-ornaments to cover the four protruding angles of the substructure. The richness also of the pilasterade contrasts too strongly with the plainness of the arcaded story next below, which should at least have had moulded archivolts and impostas, with rustications at the angles of the cubes under the doubled pilasters of the campanile compartments.

The turrets of St. Paul's having been imitated, we wish the dome of that fabric had also been more kept in view; for the dome of the Massachusetts building is most unsatisfactorily plain and heavy, though crowned with a lantern which, so far as we may judge from the woodcut, is pretty enough.

The plan of the representative hall, given on another page, contributes, with others in the United States and Europe, to make us ever regret the inappropriate forms of our own Houses of Parliament, the unavoidable consequence of imposing upon their unequal architect a style of architecture which did not permit the theatrical disposition of seating.

We next turn to another example of the architecture of our Transatlantic brethren, though unwilling to receive it as a specimen of what America can do. The architect's name has not been mentioned in the encomiastic accounts which have reached us of the building; and we feel inclined to doubt whether any architect—strictly so called—has been employed. It looks very like the work of a clever builder, whose imaginings have not been informed by critical culture. We are alluding to the new *Presbyterian Church*, Philadelphia, erected last autumn, and represented by an engraving in the *Building Chronicle* of Edinburgh for April 1856. Here, contrary to the last example, the dome is highly ornate, with a crowning lantern which would have been all the better if the *ogee* top and finial had risen immediately from the compartment next above the columned main portion, or even from the latter without any intervening masonry. The two turrets over the wings flanking the front portico, though, it may be, pretty in themselves, are meanly petty in their scale; and, if there be reasons why they could not be larger (i.e. more bulky), the same reasons should have induced their omission altogether. The mixture of a kind of Byzantine Gothic window with architecture otherwise strictly classical in its details should also be avoided. If this be a specimen of the American architecture which Father Gavazzi is holding up as superior to our own, we shall certainly not receive his artistic authority as worth much.

▲ representation of the *Wellington College, Sand-*

hurst, in the *Builder* for Feb. 16, 1856, evinces Mr. Shaw's adherence to the domestic style of Wren, with certain modifications of his own under French influences; but, we must admit, it wears rather a respectable than a highly artistic expression. We prefer it, however, greatly to the meagre Tudor-Gothic so much in vogue, and have no doubt the building, in its entire completion, will prove worthy of more eulogy than the mere portion now before us may seem to merit.

Our English architects are winning honours on the Continent, not more creditable to the candour and liberality of our foreign friends than flattering to ourselves; and certainly Mr. Scott's design for the *Rathaus, or Hotel de Ville, at Hamburgh* (see *Builder*, February 2nd, 1856) may challenge the best of its pre-existing models. Simple, in its extended continuity of the same features, it derives, in common with others, a sovereign importance from its lofty tower, picturesque emphasis from its dormer-windowed roof, richness from its elaborate parapets, and facial beauty from its mural inlays. The means for emulating the splendid spire of Brussels and the secondary ornamentation of Arras were not at hand; neither is the cabinet gorgeousness of Louvain, Rouen, Ghent, and others attempted; but Bruges and Ypres must deferentially stand aside; nor may any so firmly stand their ground, in respect to a pervading propriety and uniform stateliness. The town-hall of Ypres is the one which more immediately suggests comparison, for it appears to have been the especially suggesting model on which Mr. Scott seems to have worked. The same general description (a very general one, of course) would suit both buildings. Thus, "it (i.e. either) is a structure of extended length (the Hamburgh building has depth also) with a great central pinnacled and spired tower, the pinnacles thereof being corbelled out from the angles, and the truncated spiral roof being terminated with a bell or clock lantern rather placed on, than continuous with, it. The high roof of the main building, right and left, is enriched on its ridge, and pierced with two rows of dormer openings (the upper very small); and at the eaves is an elaborate parapet course. The long ranges of arched windows have a fine pictorial effect; and the angles of the wings are decorated with rich and lofty pinnacles, supported on corbels, like those of the tower."

Some of these features, however, that are greater in the old example are less in the new; and the Hamburgh building (having, we presume, greater length) has its front broken by the partial projection of the substructure of the tower, from which extends on either hand an arcade, giving a beauty to the new example which the old one has not. The lofty range of windows in the principal story of the Ypres building is preferable to the two lower ranges which necessity doubtless urged in Mr. Scott's design; but, otherwise, the palm for beauty rests with the Englishman's structure. The tower of the latter is beautifully composed; and the due importance given to the centre by its projection, its entrance archway, and by the balcony above, carrying on the rich parapet-line of the roof, with the superior character of the dormer-windows—all these are the happy results of the best taste and judgment. Submerging, for the occasion, our classical predilections, we can heartily award to Mr. Scott our poor meed of admiration for his model, as a most successful exemplar of its kind.

The *Peers' Entrance to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster* is the illustration of the *Builder* for April 19, 1856. It is but the fragment of a vast whole of equal magnificence, and which cannot be in any degree justly appreciated, except when regarded in conjunction with the several great masses which are yet to be completed. This woodcut is but a piece, showing the texture of the skin, the tone of the complexion—no more than a fly would see, walking over the cheek of a beauty, the contour of whose face and the nobility of whose features are to be only viewed at a respectful distance.

FRENCH MODERN GOTHIC.—Among the leading distinctions between the French and English Gothic church facades, are the large portals and strong horizontal markings of the former, *vice* the small doorways and vertical feeling of the latter, with the application of the circular or rose window in lieu of the great western windows of our own fronts. These peculiarities are shown in the new *Church of St. Clotilde, at Paris*, a woodcut of which appears in the *Builder* for 12th April 1856. The true English spirit of design would have avoided the open portico, and applied in its place one or three comparatively small doors; the horizontal mouldings, making a triangle of the gable, would have been omitted; and, in place of the circular central light, a large square-bottomed and pointed-head window would have extended from a lower level to a more exalted height within the gable, interrupting certain of the bands which here extend across the whole front. The square part of the steeples would have risen above the springings of the gable, or the latter would have been so lowered as to produce the same effect; and thus we should have had a central compartment flanked by separated towers, and crowned with spires, instead of a mere gabled facade, with spires placed on it. The spires would have been smaller at the base or level of their development, and therefore of loftier proportions; and we should not have pitted them all over with little

holes, nor cut them up with so many little string-courses, as the French architect has done.

We have in England only one remarkable example of the great Gothic portal, viz., that of Peterborough; and, however grand this may be in its effect *per se*, we have never regarded it as other than monstrously incongruous with the rest of the edifice. At York, Lichfield, and Wells (particularly the latter two) the doorways are very small; and in all our more noted cathedrals, where the style of architecture admits it, the great west window is the grand central feature. We will not repeat all we have said before in justification of the English fashion, which regarded the little door as suitable to the bodily smallness of the worshipper, and the large window as adapted to receive the full admission of that light which symbolises the effulgence of Divine truth. In the old French churches, as in the new one of *St. Clotilde*, the magnitude of the portals takes from the effect of magnitude in general. But, all this apart, there is little in the example under notice to win the regard of severe criticism; though it were absurd to stand out against the general impression which a building of such magnitude and ornate richness must make upon the ordinary beholder; and, of course, estimated by French habits and French precedent, our objections will have but little value. Our remarks are as usual addressed to those who have yet a taste to form, and a willingness to receive our instructional efforts.

Of two Dissenters' chapels, illustrated in the *Builder* since our last article, viz., that of the *London Cemetery*, and of the Independents in *Offord Road, Islington*, it may be said there is undoubted artistic feeling in the elevations of the fronts; in the first a modest refinement, and in the latter a most pleasing feeling for the pictorial quaint; but the main bodies of the buildings in the rear must be seen to be justly spoken of. The exterior of that of the Islington chapel must be the result of some internal necessity which disarms criticism; for certainly it is impossible to understand, otherwise, how the designer of so pretty a little front can have connected with it so ordinary a main structure. Of the other, not seeing it, even in the wood-cut, we can form no opinion; but we may remark on one novelty in its front, viz., that of the little gabled addendum on the spectator's right, which is doubtless the more explainable from being to an uninformed beholder utterly incomprehensible.

To the Gothic gateway of the *City of London Cemetery* (see *Builder* for 23rd Feb. 1856) we cannot submit even our poor eulogies. A great piece of walling (the extreme height of which seems solely occasioned by the necessity for displaying the City arms) is cut in zigzag fashion, as with a pair of scissors, with little *conetti* of embryo gables and *canopini* most fanciful; well buttressed at the lowest level of the outer ends, but without any support to counteract the top-heaviness of the lofty middle portion, where, on each side the central archway, buttresses would have at once secured the stability and greatly improved the appearance of the structure. It is common enough to see buttresses uselessly employed; but we remember no instance more remarkable than this, where their application would have been justified by necessity and characteristic.

The *Grammar School of St. Olave's and St. John's, Southwark*, by Messrs. Allen, Snooke, and Stock (so far as the *Builder* gives it, March 1, 1856), seems to be a piece of unexceptional Tudor; and we trust the "good old English" character of the architecture of the academy is an indication that the good old English literature of Shakspeare, Bacon, and Raleigh will be cherished within its walls.

The elevation of the *Gallery of Shops at Voeslau, in Austria* (*Builder*, March 8, 1856), suggests the question, why we should not have a quadrangle of such shops. Suppose it in connection with one of our "arcades"—the thoroughfare leading through one of its sides and out at the other, with a fountain in the middle, and a fashionable promenade all round; for, of course, the patronage of fashion would be necessary to the speculation.

Mr. Godwin, we observe, is proceeding with his artistic and careful conduct of the restoration and new-seating of *St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol*. The *Builder* for Feb. 9, 1856, contains engravings of the pulpit, reading-desk, seats, and font of this elegant old church, which is at length having justice done to it by its furnishing architect. Mr. Godwin will excuse us if we lament that his pulpit is not raised on some such a footing or plinth as his font. We know it to be firmly fixed, otherwise we should fear for its stability under the weight-in-motion of a "powerful" and energetic preacher.

The *Wicker Congregational Church, Sheffield* (see *Builder*, Jan. 12, 1856), exhibits a front highly creditable to the taste of Messrs. Weightman, Hadfield, and Goldie; but why that injurious bit of string-course near the apex of the gable? and, if the tiny window above was necessary, why not lower it a foot or two, and leave it a single (not mullioned) opening, with a cusped head? We cannot think the sides of the main body harmonise with the front; and O that miserable little clerestory!

By the way, how architects are now acting in firms! We suppose one of the three last-mentioned is the artist; another, the constructor and arithmetician; and the third, the traveller for the business.

ART AND ARTISTS.

NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

WATER-COLOUR painting, the product of modern English civilisation, has all the advantages which belong to an indigenous and genuine growth. The French critics last year dwelt much upon the originality and independence of our insular school, and this quality is nowhere more apparent than among our water-colourists. Year after year some new artist starts up with a vision and a style of his own, opening up some new aspect of nature, some particular phenomena manifest to his eyes alone, but which when transferred to paper are recognised and appreciated by all. S. Cook of Plymouth, whose excellent coast-views formed a feature last year in the exhibition of this society, comes out even more strongly than before. His beautiful views of "Polperro, Cornwall" (83 and 245), are full of the most charming natural detail. None of the varied colours with which nature decks the rocks, the shore, the water, and the sky, are lost. There is no conventionalism in the treatment of these objects; what the painter sees he paints, and paints as though he loved and delighted in it, and with a steady faith that Nature accurately reported will justify herself.

William Bennett's works are remarkable for their boldness and breadth. Without calling attention to minutiae, his landscapes strike the mind with a feeling of completeness. The eye embraces them at once, with all their light gradations of tone. His largest work is "Glen Tilt, near Blair Athol" (287); and he has as smaller views of the same subject, "Ravine in Glen Tilt" (102). J. W. Whympere follows with no unequal steps. His "His Entrance Tower, Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex" (117), "The Lock, Cashbury Park, Herts" (180), and "The Avenue, Hurstmonceux" (206), are all very effective. In the last the treatment of the rugged trees is particularly fine. D. H. McKean, in the "Fisherman's Haunt" (108), the "Water-mill at Dorking, Surrey" (222), and several smaller works, seems to make progress in the same direction. There is a certain solemnity about the works of the three last-mentioned artists, from the avoidance of vivid colours, and an adherence to those sober browns and grays which characterise rocks, old ruins, and old trees. Their works have raised the landscape department of this society to a high rank.

The works of J. M. Youngman, of Saffron Walden, have also a distinct character of their own. The "Grove" (178) is an exquisite piece of landscape. Edmund G. Warren's "Baronial Hall, Goodrich Castle, on the Wye" (228), seems to radiate light from every part; it is a most ingenious view of an old ruin, minutely finished, and has a striking semblance of reality. The same artist's "Wye at New Weir" (262) is another very successful work, which will raise its author's reputation.

Aaron Penley is a somewhat meretricious colourist; but the view of the "Back of Skiddaw, with Bassenthwaite Lake in the distance" (143), has many beauties. Skiddaw is enveloped in clouds; the lake is seen but dimly in the distance; and the prominent objects are a few dark firs and cattle in the foreground. The gloomy grandeur of the locality is wanting. The picture which he styles "Serenity" (314), containing a view of Windermere Lake, is thin and feeble. T. S. Robins's sea views are good as far as mere painting is concerned, yet so much alike in character that we can hardly distinguish one from the other. T. L. Rowbotham, J. H. D'Egville, J. Fahey, J. Chase, T. S. Boys, G. Howse, and W. Telbin have all works of merit, which we leave to the discrimination of our readers.

E. H. Corbould's "Lymnere's Dreame" (211) is the overflowing of a rich and wild imagination. It symbolises the multifarious character of modern art. "Falling into a fitful and uneasy sleep, after a long protracted reading of varied and antagonistic character, he dreams of patrons of art departed to the Crimea; of himself, as not having a leg left; of falling into the Waters of Oblivion and vainly struggling to call for the drags of the Humane Society, whose men are gone to Greenwich Fair." The picture itself is by no means so lugubrious as this explanation of its origin would lead us to suppose. It is a medley of strange fancies, but rather joyous than otherwise. Mephistophelian physiognomies certainly peer forth here and there, associated with mummers and masquers, the middle-age fool, and the modern clown. Sardanapalus, with curled beard of Ninevite fashion, is listening to the blandishments of a mediæval queen; Cupid figures as an Italian image-boy; an Arcadian shepherd, from some unexplained cause, appears deserting his astonished sheep, while near him a young lady is quietly designing a Crimean subject, waited upon by a neat damsel *à la Fille du Regiment*; in another part we see a troop of Canterbury pilgrims, in another a tournament, a lover presenting his lady with an apple-blossom, and Death tapping the shoulder of a bold Teutonic baron; gamsters pursuing their diversions with fiendlike passions marked in their countenances; monsters in the air and in the distance of which we do not attempt to divine the precise significance: the painter himself looks placid enough, a half-finished sketch on an easel behind him, the Waters of Oblivion at his feet, wherein by a multiplication of individuality permissible in dreams he himself is supposed to be sinking. The picture is very

gracefully put together. "Nobody axed you, Sir" (232) is another pleasant of Mr. Corbould's; a young squire dressed in the height of mediæval foppery is confounded at the nonchalant rejoinder of the miller's daughter, who is, however, by no means a mediæval personage, but one of those fair nonentities in which the artist delights, and which he has repeated in his "Griselda" (27). We do not recollect to have seen Mr. Corbould's elegant taste more advantageously displayed than it is this year.

Mr. Henry Warren is more serious in his choice of subject. His principal work is "Rebekah's first sight of Isaac" (77), when she veils herself upon seeing her bridegroom in the distance. Eastern skies, deserts, and camels are a favourite subject of Mr. Warren's pencil, and these materials are well turned to account in this picture, which represents, naturally and unaffectedly enough, the incident referred to. Louis Haghe's "Town Hall of Oudenarde, with a meeting of the Corporation" (64), is scarcely so rich in colour as some of his former productions in this line; and the "Antechamber of the Tribunal of the Inquisition in the Ducal Palace, Venice" (50), still less so. But we are comparing Mr. Haghe with himself. No other modern artist has, perhaps, succeeded in giving so much interest to mediæval interiors, or so much dignity to their occupants. His view of "Venice" (55) is less to our liking than the interiors. W. H. Kearney has several tolerably good subjects, such as "Murillo painting" (240), and "Propertius da Rossi" (265), a female artist, who excelled both in painting and statuary, and of whom it is stated that, "becoming enamoured of a young artist who did not make a suitable return to her love, disappointment threw her into a lingering disorder which brought her to her grave. Her last production was a *basso relievo*, representing the history of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, in which her cruel love is represented as the hero." In Mr. Kearney's realisation of this myth, it is difficult to know whether Propertius is sitting or standing; but, putting this defect aside, the tale of the artist is not unskillfully told. E. H. Welnert's Ghost Scene from Don Juan (223), has little delicacy of representation; it is as though he had painted the scene as roughly got up at the lowest of minor theatres; the force of colour which the artist possesses is thrown away through the inferiority of the accompanying design. Mr. Absolon is become a victim to manner and affectation. His Christening Scene is a platitude of the most determined kind. It will no doubt have its admirers; and the same class of people would admire it quite as much if it were painted execrably instead of well, which it really is. Every one in the picture looks so intensely good, so overpoweringly orthodox, we require a smelling-bottle or a pinch of snuff before we can recover the shock of so much moral grandeur. The church-windows, robbed of tracery, and the churchwardenish appearance of the interior generally, which would horrify our modern restorers, are quite in keeping with the rest. Mr. Absolon's little country sketches are in a healthier taste. Mr. A. Bouvier's "Pedlar" (271), and "Hunt the Slipper" (141), are neither realities nor idealities; disagreeable in colour, mawkish in taste, with none of the humour of the subjects which they profess to represent. Let Mr. Bouvier stick to his pretty simpering young ladies, seated on banks and smelling roses.

Harrison Weir and C. H. Weizall present us with numerous specimens of poultry, ducks, donkeys, and other denizens of the farm yard, in which they both excel. And Mrs. Margetts, as usual, supplies the gallery with fruits and flowers.

OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THE Old Water-Colour Society's Exhibition was opened for private view on Saturday. Mr. Edmond About, a popular French author, who wrote an off-hand readable account of the pictures at the Exposition des Beaux Arts last year, calls the admiration of the British for water-colour drawings a sort of fetishism, or superstition. The French find it difficult to comprehend why our artists should take the trouble to produce in the water effects which may be more easily gained with oil. It is easy to see, however, that there is in the practice of water-colour something peculiarly cognate with the taste for delicate and minute execution which characterises the English school generally, and which our Continental neighbours do not enter into. It may be confessed, however, that for certain subjects of large dimensions, labour seems to be thrown away in trying to give that force and solidity which can never be satisfactorily attained in this style; and this remark applies to Mr. John Gilbert's picture of "Her Majesty the Queen inspecting the wounded Coldstream Guards" (88), which is in the style of one of those pictorial records of such like events which decorate the pages of the *Illustrated News*. It is one of those matter-of-fact representations upon which it is almost painful to think of a large amount of artistic labour having been bestowed. It might be a curious subject for a speculative mind to inquire what is the exact limit of size beyond which a water-colour drawing cannot go without losing that concentration and delicacy which is the main charm of this kind of art.

The "Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai, 1842" (134), by Mr. Lewis, the President of the Society, is in a style peculiar to himself, suffi-

ciently known by his productions exhibited during the last two or three years. Dry and thin in colour, it has yet a peculiar charm from the elegance and decision of its outlines—a quality the more precious in these our days of free-hand and loose-drawing, of rapidity and meaningless generality. The picture represents an English nobleman reposing under his tent near Mount Sinai, the monastery of St. Catherine appearing in the distance. The Sheikh of Gibel Tor is holding parley with the traveller, who is surrounded by his suite, and supports the dignity of his country in suitable style.

Mr. William Hunt seems to have carried the art of representing the beautiful bloom of fruit to the highest conceivable pitch, and produces effects which perhaps could not be attained in oil-painting. The pieces 285 and 292 are examples of this. Imitation such as this, and of objects so charming as this, we account a very high style of art, in whatever material produced. It produces a refined pleasure of the same kind as that derived from the cultivation or contemplation of the objects themselves. But fruit-painting has its meannesses and its commonplaces as well as any other kind of art, of which we often enough meet with specimens. It is one thing to compliment Nature upon her good looks in the style of a *petit-maitre*, and another to offer to her the reverent homage of a devout worship. Besides his fruit pieces, Mr. Hunt has a capital head of a black boy, "The Itinerant" (256).

Mr. Samuel Palmer's two pictures from "Comus" (147 and 153) are examples of transparent and lustrous effect gained by the use of water-colours. In the one case the powerful beams of the setting sun, in the other the lurid torchlight of the rabble rout of Comus is wonderfully represented, piercing through bush and brake, the pale light of the moon dominating in the background. Compositions of this imaginative kind are rare among our water-colour artists, and make an agreeable contrast to the general realism which prevails. David Cox is in great force. His rough, broad style, with a coarse, dull surface, like fresco, never appeared to greater advantage than it does beside the neat and minute finish of Mr. Lewis. Wild windy moors and frowning skies form his subjects, with a figure or two, dimly seen, thrown in to increase the dreariness. His "Peat-gatherers" (140), and "Driving the Flock" (128), are two pictures of this kind, which hang in close juxtaposition with Mr. Lewis's "Sinai." In the "Moors near Bettws-y-Coed" (179), a deserted bull is bellowing forth his complaints to the elements, which seem to bluster in concert. "North Wales" (260) is a smaller repetition of the picture (128), and perhaps still finer in effect. The "Horses Drinking" (267) is more cheerful in character, and a perfect gem.

"The Return—in Sight of Home" (125), by Jos. J. Jenkins, is a French subject. The artist has successfully employed the device of placing a boat longitudinally across the picture, so that its whole freight is seen. Behind sits a soldier with his wife and child; in front a Zouave waves his cap energetically towards some figures in the distance. The picture entitled "Awake" (141), a mother caressing her child, is full of sweet expression. "Come Along" (215) is another charming picture of this excellent artist, in which a mother and child are crossing a ford. These pictures are pleasingly coloured, and the figures have more action and animation than usual.

Carl Haag's melancholy-eyed "Roman Flower Girl" (150), and stately "Sabine Peasant Woman" (9), are open to the remark of our French critic, who wonders why water-colours should be employed, when the same or a more powerful effect might be easily attained by oil. On the whole we prefer the small work of the "Pifferari," (100), piping before a statue of the Virgin. Alfred Fripp's "Pifferaro," (231); his "Italian Peasant Woman" (24), with her distaff, moving majestically along; and "Neapolitan Peasant Girl" (246), with a water-jar on her head, upright as a Caryatid—are examples of very beautiful drawing, and of a bold use of splendid colours. There is a touching plaintive expression in the "Beggars of Ober Franken" (222), by F. W. Burton. The old grandmother's figure, bent with age and toil, is well drawn: she sits mutely appealing to the charity of the passers-by, while the grand-daughter, a delicate-looking girl, lying beside her, relates the tale of misfortune. F. W. Topham, in the "Stranger" (208), gives us another version of Mr. Hunt's "Itinerant"—less vigorous, and with something of the same cast of countenance, adapted to the Negro physiognomy, which Mr. Topham has adopted as his standard of the picturesque. "Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan" (154), by H. P. Riviere, is Hibernian and racy. The temptation is a glass of "rale potheen," which a sprightly lad, in the most approved Tipperary costume, is pouring out persuasively for a rosy, laughing Judy, who declares that she couldn't think of tasting it. A speculative infant in the arms of a girl is watching the affair with much interest, as if anxious to see whether Judy will really be proof against this polite attention.

In T. M. Richardson's landscapes there is much to admire, but the more sober colours of nature are wanting to balance the excess of blue and purple which pervades them. In the "Scene in Loch Katrine" (102), a very noble and masterly view, the little group of figures in the right corner would

alone form a picture, so exquisitely are they drawn. The Highlanders resting against the rocks are perfect. V. Bartholomew's flowers stand out amongst the other works of the kind, for delicate finish and elegance of arrangement. The "Camellias" (19) and the groups 30 and 78 are excellent.

E. Duncan "Spithead" (68), S. P. Jackson's "Land's End" (34), C. Davidson's "Haymaking" (38), C. Branwhite's "River Teivi" (121), H. Gastineau's "River Dochart" (106), W. Evans's "Capri" (13), and "Lugano" (8), W. Collingwood's "Jungfrau" (108) are all among the most charming productions of these artists. William Callow, J. Callow, J. P. Naftel, G. Fripp, G. Rosenberg, D. Cox, jun., and W. C. Smith, supply a variety of admirable landscapes in their respective styles. The whole collection comprises 300 works.

POLYCHROMY.

The much-vexed question of polychromy as applied to statues is about to receive further illustration under the able superintendence of Baron Marochetti. The experiments hitherto made in the Crystal Palace have not been of a kind to produce conviction in the minds of those who are by habit and association wedded to the notion of colourless statues, as the perfection of the ideal. More than one cause exists for this failure, among which a prominent one is the dull opacity of the material—plaster—to which colours have been applied. The effect of transparent colours upon the surface of marble is something very different, and this experiment is about to be tried to some extent in Baron Marochetti's statue of Victory, which is announced to be exhibited in the Crystal Palace during the summer. It has been stated, indeed, that colour is only to be used for the garments and accessories of the figure, and that the limbs are to be gilded. If this be the case, we can only suppose that it is done through caution, in order not to test too severely at first the faith of the worshippers of pure marble. That the ancients did gild their statues, or at least some parts of them, at some periods of art, is well known; but whether this was the practice of the highest school may be doubted. There is a passage in Plato's Republic, which is often referred to in this controversy, and which is so apposite to the question that it is worth while to produce it here, now that the question is likely to assume a practical form and to become the subject of canvass. The passage is in the beginning of the fourth book of the Republic.

Socrates, speaking of the differences of rank and fortune which must necessarily exist in a perfect state, says: "If, for example, some one were to object to our mode of painting statues, saying that we do not apply the most beautiful colours to the most beautiful parts of the figure; for that the eyes, which are the most beautiful part, are not tinted with purple but with black paint; we should sufficiently answer his objection thus: Sagacious critic, do not imagine that we ought to so colour eyes as that they should not appear to be eyes, nor yet the other parts of the body, but observe whether, by giving the appropriate colour to each part, we do not produce a beautiful whole." The moral of this is that the highest ideal is to be sought through the real; but, without discussing the doctrines contained, the passage itself seems sufficient to show that, in some cases at least, where the highest statuesque beauty was aimed at, all the parts were coloured after nature. Plato, let it be remembered, lived when Athenian art was in its glory. Most of the descriptions we have by ancient writers of the statues of Greece are three or four hundred years later, when the delicate colours which had once adorned and heightened the effect of these marvellous creations had probably long faded or been rubbed or washed off—a process likely enough to happen in the course of centuries, and which is the most we can infer from the silence of these descriptions as to the presence of colour.

We have had an opportunity of seeing Baron Marochetti's beautiful portrait bust of the Princess of Coorg, coloured after life; and it appears to us that the success of the experiment fully justifies the principles for which we contend. Above all, the eyes, usually the weak point in an uncoloured bust, are strikingly beautiful; the face is living and breathing, and nothing of the much-dreaded waxwork effect appears. Upon the solution of this question in favour of polychromy, it depends, we fully believe, whether sculpture is to remain for the moderns a half-dead art, like the making of Greek sapphics and iambics; or whether it is to become a real and living art, like its sister Painting.

A SMALL picture by Andrea Mantegna, of the school of Padua (died 1506), has been recently acquired by the National Gallery. Our readers will recollect that a series of nine cartoons by this artist, representing the triumphs of Cæsar, is amongst the principal treasures of Hampton Court. The present work, however, bears more analogy in manner to some of his allegorical pieces which are in the Gallery of the Louvre. It represents the Virgin, with the divine child in her arms, seated under a canopy—St. John standing on her right, and the Magdalen on her left. The figures are elongated and lank, as is the case with those in the Louvre pictures. The drawing has been ori-

ginally very fine; but age and imperfect restoration have marred the primitive beauty of the work. The faces of the Virgin and Child evidently owe such expression as they now exhibit to the hand of a timid restorer, who has also put a kneecap upon the side of St. John's leg, and otherwise obliterated the artist's outline. The details still show wonderful minuteness, though quite inferior to the delicacy of our modern pre-Raphaelites. The watered fabric of the canopy is distinctly marked, and every leaf and flower of the thick dark foliage behind is laboriously painted. The general effect is that of the most statuesque repose. It is the vision of a devout imagination. The Magdalen shows the influence of the classical feeling which gained ground in Italy in the fifteenth century. She looks more like a cardinal virtue than a saint. The Virgin and Child have a more sacred character. As a specimen of a master not before in the gallery, it is a desirable acquisition; but its imperfect condition detracts much from its importance as an object of study.

Mr. Rogers's magnificent collection of pictures goes to the hammer on Friday next. During the last week the public has had the opportunity of seeing them to great advantage at Messrs. Christie and Manson's sale rooms. Here are Titians, Raffaels, Giottos, Hemlings, Tintorets, Watteaus, Stothards, Reynoldses, in profusion; all choice, and generally authentic specimens. It is in everybody's mouth, Why have not Government, or the trustees of the National Gallery, offered a good round sum for the whole, by which means all the most valuable might have been secured to the nation at no very exorbitant price. The refuse alone, if refuse it may be called, of the collection, would if sold by auction produce no inconsiderable sum. As it is, we expect to see the nation outbid for all the most desirable pictures by private purchasers, and thus this magnificent assemblage will be scattered to the winds—our gallery perhaps getting a paltry few, at much cost.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The Turner pictures, now the property of the nation, will soon be made over to the trustees of the National Gallery; but even a selection can hardly be exhibited till a special place is provided for them. The new building at Brompton, on the south-east side of the Kensington-gore estate, is, however, advancing rapidly. There, probably, at no very distant time, will be deposited the Vernon collection, the Turner pictures, and the nucleus of the proposed National Portrait Gallery.—It is proposed to hold an exhibition of Historical Portraits at the new building now in course of erection at Kensington-gore.—The monument designed by Baron Marochetti, for the heights of Scutari, is in the form of an obelisk; it is of grey granite, 100 feet in height, and surrounded by a Latin cross.—The amount required for a copy, in bronze, of Chantrey's statue of James Watt, to be placed in front of the Manchester Infirmary, is about 1100*l.*, towards which the sum of 800*l.* has been subscribed in Manchester. Steps are being taken to raise the remainder of the money in the surrounding district.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Hiawatha, Romance Poétique pour Piano. Composed by BENNETT GILBERT. (Jewell, Great Russell-street.)—We are inclined to predict a very favourable reception for this offspring of Mr. Bennett's genius. It is an agreeable and pleasing composition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ALL true lovers of good music will be glad to receive the programme of the first of a series of three concerts shortly to be given by the Orchestral Union, at the Hanover-square Rooms. As our musical readers are doubtless aware, the Orchestral Union is a fraternity of some of the most eminent orchestral instrumentalists of the day, for the purpose of executing choice *morceaux*, in a style of perfection not to be attained by performers who do not frequently play together. The degree of perfection attained by the instrumentalists of the French Conservatoire is well known, and no one will be disposed to contradict the members of the Orchestral Union when they state in their very modest programme that the acknowledged ability of English performers gives reason to believe that it is not impossible to produce similar results here "with unremitting application." The first concert will take place on Saturday next. The programme consists of six pieces; the overture to Professor Bennett's "Naïades;" a song composed by Mozart, and sung by Mr. Swift; a violin concerto, by Herr Molique; Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, in F; a cavatina by Rossini, sung by Madame Gassier; and the overture to Alfred Mellon's "Heloise," the last by particular desire of many of the subscribers. M. Sainton is the principal and solo violin, and Mr. Alfred Mellon the director and conductor.

Miss Esther Jacobs gave her anniversary concert on the evening of Monday, the 21st inst., at Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street, under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. A numerous and fashionable audience attended. Among the artists

engaged may be cited Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Rose Braham, Miss Bessie Dalton, and Madame Zimmerman; Mr. Miranda, Mr. G. Nottingham, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. H. Braham, and Herr De Becker. The programme comprised a well-chosen selection of ballad and operatic music, and appeared to give great satisfaction to the audience. Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Geo. Perren, and the fair beneficiare herself, obtained unanimous encores.

The directors of the Panopticon wisely continue to deserve the patronage of the public by offering musical performances of a very high class at very reasonable terms. The *Elijah* and other oratorios have lately been performed with great success, and several very good concerts have attracted large audiences to this excellent institution.

LITERARY NEWS.

Miss KIMBERLY is giving in New York, "with decided success," a recitation of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha." Towards the end of March (half a year after the publication of the poem) 30,000 copies had been sold in America.—A new *feuilleton*, by Madame George Sand, entitled "Eveonor and Lucippe," is being published in the columns of the *Paris Presse*.—The *Illustrated Times* says that the successor of Samuel Phillips, as literary critic to the *Times*, is Mr. Lucas, barrister, who was the first editor of the *Press*.—The Geographical Society of Paris has awarded its prize for the most important discovery during the last year to Dr. Barth. The next prize, of a gold medal, was adjudged to Mr. G. Squier, of the United States, for his Central American researches.—The library of the late Prof. Hermann, of Göttingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Prague. It consists of 11,000 volumes, of which 4000 are pamphlets.—Mr. Lane's collection of books, consisting principally of county histories on large paper, has been dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. A copy of the first edition of Shakspeare was knocked down to Mr. Toovey for 16*l.* 17*s.*, and Prynne's Records for 200*l.* 11*s.* A copy of Nash's "Hudibras," with plates inserted, brought 8*l.* 5*s.* Atkyns's Gloucestershire, original edition, of which most of the copies were destroyed by a fire at the printer's, 9*l.* 15*s.*; Chauncy's Hertfordshire, 16*l.* 15*s.*; Coutumier de Normandie, the first book printed at Rouen, 19*l.*; Dugdale's Warwickshire, by Thomas, 2 vols., 62*l.*; Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, 5 vols., 79*l.* 16*s.*; Hall's Chronicle, second edition, 15*l.* 10*s.*—The dinner of the Printers' Pension Society (with Sir R. Marchison in the chair) was well attended last week. The collection amounted to 400*l.*

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—LYCEUM THEATRE.—*Il Trovatore*—*L'Elisir d'Amore*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Lumley's Programme.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—*Fra Diavolo*—*Lucia di Lammermoor*.—Mr. and Mrs. Florence.

BURST out of Covent Garden, the Lyric Muse has found a pleasant though diminutive home in the Lyceum. Like a Queen driven from her splendid palace into pretty little furnished lodgings, she is still a queen, and everything about her is royal. To drop metaphor and speak in plain English, Mr. Gye has contrived, in the short interval allowed him, to transform the Lyceum into an exquisite little *bijou* of an Opera House, lacking nothing but vastness of proportion to render it as perfect as could be desired. By a skilful adaptation of the space at command, a great deal more has been done with the house than could have possibly been anticipated. Where the pit stood there are now, I believe, about two hundred comfortable stalls. The pit, indeed, is banished to a remote corner beneath the boxes; but that is an absolute necessity of the case, and any attempt to create a *bona fide* pit would have been simply absurd. There are two tiers of very capital boxes; and over these an arrangement of amphitheatre stalls, with a crowning diadem of gallery. The old gas-lights are removed from the sides of the house, and a very handsome crystal gasalier in the centre is substituted. The ceiling has been toned down into an atmosphere of blue clouds, floating in which may be discerned the rosy limbs of Cupids—

But the housemaids called 'em cupidities— and the whole of the interior decoration has been freshened up very tastefully and with excellent effect. The hangings of the boxes are bright crimson, and for the drop-scene has been substituted a pair of rich damask curtains of the same colour, which fall from the sides and look very elegant. Having given some notion of the framework, let me proceed to say something about the works which Mr. Gye has been laying before his patrons. The season opened with *Il Trovatore*, which was cast precisely as it was when it was originally produced at Covent Garden, excepting as regards the substitution of Mlle. Didée for Madame Viardot Garcia in the rôle of Azucena. In spite of the opposition of the Germanist critics, the *Trovatore*

is still a favourite with the audience, who (silly persons!) will persist in following the dictates of their feelings by applauding when science bids them not. Tamberlik was enthusiastically welcomed, as an established favourite; and to those who listened to his incomparable voice there was but one feeling of regret that they so soon must lose him, for shortly he is to sail for Rio Janeiro. All the points of the opera told with as great effect as ever. "Stride la Vampa" was listened to as breathlessly as of yore; Graziani got his *encore* in "Il balen;" and the Miserere scene caused as much enthusiasm as ever it did. What an extraordinary fact it is about this opera—that everybody likes it but the critics.

The second production in Mr. Gye's repertoire is Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, and it would be difficult to select a work which in tone, dimensions, and character would be more suitable for presentation in a miniature opera house than this. It is so exactly suited to the resources now at Mr. Gye's command that I believe it would be impossible to imagine a more perfect cast than that which he has contrived to give it. Mme. Bosio as Adina, Gardoni as Nemorino, Tagliafico as Belcore, and Ronconi as "Il dottore Dulcamara;" nothing could be more perfect than this. The only portion of the cast in which the most hypercritical could detect a weakness would be in the Belcore; but there is a sprightliness and neatness about Sig. Tagliafico's acting which almost redeems the narrow preciseness and unimaginative exactness of his style. Bosio's singing seemed to me more magnificent than ever, and as the rich mellowness of her glorious voice broke upon the delighted ear, I thought (heterodox as it may seem) that I preferred her singing to that of any nightingale, Swedish or English, that ever warbled in grove or sang for exorbitant prices in Exeter Hall. Signor Gardoni has improved greatly since last he appeared before the public. He looks stronger and handsomer, and his voice has acquired a fullness and a vigour which I never expected it would attain. His acting was as it always is, full of quiet genius and self-possession. If Gardoni only advances a little further, Marlo will have to look to his laurels. But what shall I say of Ronconi—Ronconi, who is a great comedian and a great singer at once? Simply that as both he is admirable. The best proof of Ronconi's genius is that, although, in his impersonation of the impudent charlatan boldness, is pushed to audacity, still he never offends the cultivated and refined audience before whom he appears. Incidents which would probably cause Mr. Wright to be hissed off the Adelphi stage, are tolerated from Sig. Ronconi by the most fashionable audience in the land. The only *encore* of the evening was gained by Gardoni, in that exquisitely plaintive song, "Una furtiva lagrima."

After the opera came a ballet divertissement, called the *Hamadryades*; but, if the truth must be spoken, the whole business was so pointless, and the talent so mediocre, that he must have been a very enthusiastic amateur of arms and legs who did not leave before the conclusion. The admirers of ballet will be glad to hear that Cerito is shortly expected, when better things will doubtless be effected.

Mr. Lumley's programme is now before the world; and if he is able to fulfil even a decent proportion of the promises which it contains, the coming campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre will be the most brilliant season, in an operative sense, that London has ever witnessed. Mr. Lumley commences by briefly recapitulating the causes of the failure of his former speculation, and his unceasing endeavours to reopen the house—hitherto in vain, until, "effectually aided by noble and generous support from a quarter where the refinements of art and taste never fail to find a patron, he is now enabled gratefully to announce the immediate resumption of performances." This, if I mistake not, is a grateful reference to the princely aid tendered Mr. Lumley by Lord Ward. After judiciously touching upon the special excellencies of Her Majesty's Theatre as an arena for the display of lyrical art (which he refers to "some happy accident of construction which science has failed to explain, and no architect could engage to reproduce"), Mr. Lumley gives a list of the artists whom he intends to bring forward, and the works selected for his repertoire. The former part of the scheme includes a constellation of talent. Madame Alboni (after an absence from England of five years) will open the season, and then comes a long list of first appearances. The much-talked-of and greatly-belauded Madame Piccolomini; the long-litigated Joanna Wagner; Mlle. Rizza, Finoli, and Berti; and Mesdames Albertini and Amadei—all new to the English stage. Of male *débütants* we are to have Signor Salvini, of Florence; Signor Benvenuto, of Milan and Madrid; and Signor Zucconi, of good Italian reputation; also Signori Bocardé, Mariani, Calzolari, Vario, Fortini, Bailou, and Belletti. The ballet, which was always one of the strong points in Mr. Lumley's management, is expected not to fail in this instance. The list already published includes the names of Mlle. Rosati, Bellon, Boschetti, Lisereau, and Marie Taglioni. Signor Bonetti, of the Italian Opera, Paris, is to be musical director. M. Tolbeque will be leader of the band, and M. Nadaud will lead the ballet. The list of the orchestra has not yet appeared; but, from what I hear, it will contain the very highest class of talent that can be procured. The scenery will be

under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Marshall, and the costumes under that of Madame Copère, Mrs. Bradley, and M. Laureys; Mr. D. Sloman is to be the principal machinist, and Mr. Bradwell will preside over the property department. All who know anything about these matters will need only to see these names to appreciate fully the satisfactory nature of Mr. Lumley's arrangements; and all who are ignorant upon the same may take it upon my word that nothing seems to be omitted to ensure a most brilliant and successful season. The repertoire is not yet fully announced; but it is certain that the season will open on the 10th inst with Verdi's opera *Il Trovatore*, in which Madame Albertini will sustain the part of Leonora, and Mlle. Alboni that of Azucena. The contrast between the latter and Madame Viardot Garcia will be interesting. Mlle. Wagner will make her *débüt* as Romeo in Bellini's opera *I Capuletti e Montecchi*. Madame Piccolomini will arrive in England on the 14th of May, and will make her *débüt* in Verdi's new opera, *La Traviata*.

Mr. Tully still carries on the campaign at Drury Lane vigorously and creditably. The new tenor, Mr. Henry Haigh, has created a favourable impression in *Fra Diavolo*, and Mr. E. Galer has made his appearance in *Lucia*. Mr. Haigh has a very fine tenor voice, and only requires experience to raise him to a very high position indeed, as a concert singer; but it will require a very great deal both of practice and of instruction to make him an actor. Mr. Galer's Master of Ravenswood is, like everything else which he does, somewhat strained and affected. He sings from the throat, and is too fond of producing an effect ever to be effective.

On Monday evening, Drury Lane was filled from pit to gallery, in honour of a double *débüt*—that of Mr. and Mrs. Florence—a couple of Transatlantic comedians, of whom great things were expected, because great things had been said. Never was such a sounding of trumpets, such a beating of the rappel. It is true that those experienced in such matters were rather inclined to smell a rat when it was understood that a gentleman very well known for his enormous puffing capacities was engaged in the business—a gentleman whose mighty puff was sufficient to inflate that portentous wind-bag Mr. G. V. Brooke; give him an appearance of solidity in the eyes of the mob; cause him to soar upward to the very highest regions of public estimation; and, finally, waft him over to Australia, where I heartily hope he will be good enough to stop for all the remainder of his career. But this is a digression—*revenons à nos moutons*—that is to say, to our Florences. In the first place, *The Yankee Housekeeper* is not a farce—it would be a farce to call it such; it is simply a very senseless and incoherent jumble of pointless jokes and the stalest and dullest incidents. That, however, is only the fault of Mr. and Mrs. Florence so far as they have had the bad judgment to select it as a vehicle for their talent. As for themselves, they evidently have some talent between them; but I suspect it is all on the side of the lady. The gentleman attempted the illustration of an Irish footman; but a more ridiculous attempt has, perhaps, never been witnessed upon any stage. He evidently has not the most remote idea of what a *brogue* is; for, instead of using the racy twang of the true child of Erin, he assumed that peculiar accent which we are accustomed to attribute to the "nigger." If Mr. Florence cannot do better than this, it is only charitable to tell him that he has made a great mistake in trusting himself before audiences which entertain some recollections of Hudson. The lady is better; she has sprightliness, a great deal of courage, and a good-humoured pleasing smile, which would redeem more faults than she is fairly chargeable with. The character (that of a wild Yankee lass) is not an attractive one; and the shrill intonation and exaggerated action are possibly better appreciated in the States than they are ever likely to be here. Still she has talent; and if she will select some part better fitted to the taste of an English audience, I shall be surprised if she does not become a great favourite.

JACQUES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTRAITS OF DANTE ALIGHIERI RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In addition to the various portraits of Dante which the great artists of Italy have introduced in their works, from the days of Giotto to those of Raffaello and later, one by Andrea Orcagna and another by Michel Angelo have recently been found.

Andrea Orcagna and Michel Angelo have some remarkable resemblances in character to each other; both were Florentines; both began the career of life as sculptors, continued it as painters, and concluded it as architects; and what is more, both were ardent admirers of Dante's poetry and devout students of the "Divina Commedia." About a century elapsed between the death of the first and the birth of the second, and during that time art had made a considerable progress; yet it has always appeared to me that, this difference considered, Andrea Orcagna is entitled to be regarded as the great master in sculp-

ture, painting, and architecture, of the fourteenth century, as Michel Angelo was of the sixteenth.

The portrait of Dante by Orcagna to which I refer is in the Paradise which he painted in the Strozzi chapel in Santa Maria Novella in Florence; it is on the end wall of the chapel on the right hand of the window. The poet is represented as somewhat aged-looking, and in the act of prayer, with his hands joined, and his attention directed above; immediately beneath him is the figure of Justinian. The conviction that Andrea Orcagna would not have omitted to introduce Dante in his Paradise induced me in 1845 to institute a diligent search for him. I also found a figure on the wall on the left hand of the spectator, in the upper row of the middle group of those standing on the ground, with the commanding physiognomy of the Ghibelline poet; but though quite worthy to represent him, yet, from the circumstance of his wearing a white tunic with a red cross on the breast, I knew that this was not Dante, but his great-grandfather, Cacciaguida, killed in the crusade under Conrad III.

A few years subsequently I pointed out the figure of Dante to my friend Mr. Seymour Kirkup, of Florence, to whom we are indebted for the preservation and restoration of what remains of the poet's house in the Via Ricciarda, and also for bringing to light the portrait by Giotto in the chapel of the Bargello. Since then, I believe, Lord Vernon has had a drawing taken of it for his illustrations of the "Divina Commedia." On a recent visit to the locality it was mentioned to me as something worthy of notice.

The other portrait of Dante is found in the Last Judgment by Michel Angelo, on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; it is one of four heads forming a select group of poets, in the upper part of that awful scene. Time has done them some injury even there, but they may be easily found by more conspicuous figures which stand near them; they are on the right hand of the spectator, a little behind St. Peter, and near where two figures are lovingly embracing each other—an episode in life eternal for which the greatest of painters had the authority of the greatest of poets, a fact which it is gratifying to know. The farthest of these four heads, if the affectionate inclination to the next mean anything—and what is not full of meaning that ever came from the hand of Michel Angelo?—may be Virgil, or perhaps it is only Statius; the second, with the bays, is Italy's most honoured laureate and Europe's great chief of Christian bards—the likeness is striking; and so is that of the next, the amorous Petrarch; the fourth is Ariosto, recently arrived from the lower world, and apparently entertaining his brother poets with its news. Some of my Roman friends were delighted at the discovery; but it was only necessary, as in the former case, to believe *à priori* that Dante would there be found and then to go and look for him. The best guide to the company of these four immortals is that furnished by the truly happy pair who find themselves in heaven together, and whose mutual loves are renewed in a joyful eternity. Though Michel Angelo was stern to view, and in his art sublime, yet was he also of gentle nature, and susceptible to the tender passion.

Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s'apprende, obtained in him—though not a victim—at least a willing sufferer, and the readers of Dante may perhaps be delighted to think that these "*colombe*" may indeed be the same as those whom he found some two hundred and fifty years before, among less congenial company in the "*byfera infernale*," and there left them. I at least was pleased to think so, and felt grateful to Michel Angelo for having reversed the poet's judgment, and raised Francesca to the blessedness of Heaven.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
Newington Butts, Surrey. H. C. BARLOW.

MR. EDWARD TRACY TURNERELLI.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The writer of the notice concerning my little work entitled "Peace" says: "Mr. Turnerelli attempts to prove that he made a very great sacrifice, and did a very patriotic thing, when he resolved to stay in this country; but, as he was still a British subject, we should like to know how he would have got to St. Petersburg, had he desired to do so, and how he would have been received by that Imperial Master who discharged even the English workmen from his factories, and packed off all the English nursemaids and governesses directly the war broke out?"

"How I should have got to St. Petersburg?" Why, the writer cannot possibly be ignorant that the route *via* Berlin was open to all; and as to the manner in which I should have been received, the writer wilfully suppresses all allusion to the letter from the Grand Duke Constantine which I quoted in my work, and which left me the liberty of returning to Russia should it have pleased me to do so. I preferred, however, out of respect to my fellow-countrymen, remaining in England, although by so doing I gave up not only the lucrative employment I held, but the prospect of a pension, which were sacrifices some of my generous fellow-countrymen will at least appreciate.

With regard to the "packing off" of the English

workmen, governesses, nursery-maids, &c., &c., this is news to me, I can assure you, remembering as I do the order "forbidding any British subject to leave the country;" and I confess it has not been my lot in my travels through England (and I have visited 130 towns) to meet with a single one of these unfortunate persons so rudely dismissed by the Tzar.

The writer likewise insinuates that the conciliatory tone I gave to my writings and lectures, and which arose from a feeling of gratitude alone, was not disinterested, but that I found, he says, "the half loaf of the Peace party far better than no bread at all."

Now, Sir, I had no connection whatever, I affirm, with the Peace party, save that kind interest which my friends Messrs. Bright and Cobden showed in my welfare, and which they, in conjunction with many other eminent men of an opposite party, evinced by giving me some letters of introduction to towns I visited; and, although I have given lectures at no less than 130 of the principal literary and scientific institutions of the United Kingdom, it was always by the special invitation of the directors themselves, few of whom made pacific feelings or measures their boast, but were, on the contrary, as hostile to Russia as could possibly be, which did not, however, prevent the committees of these institutions inviting me to give my opinion on Russian topics, or the members from applauding what I said, as they did in almost every instance, solely for speaking the truth, and not pandering to the hostile passions so excited at the moment.

Far, therefore, from being an *employé* (a term used by the reviewer) of the Peace party, since all these multitudinous invitations came from institutions professing "war principles and feelings," I ought rather to be called an *employé* of the "War party;" while the fact of my having given, by express invitation, so many lectures proves that I was decidedly an *employé*, and a favoured one too, of the English people in general—a distinction which it pleases me to think I have earned by my impartiality and love of truth, not by a display of patriotism which consists alone in angry invectives and virulent denunciations.

Again, Sir, the writer asserts that there "used not unfrequently to appear paragraphs relating how the said British audiences became so disgusted with the pro-Russian tendencies of the lecturer that they kicked up a great row, and would not suffer him to proceed." Now, Sir, I assert with truth that, during the whole course of my lecturing career, there has never appeared a single article, in any paper in the kingdom, no, not one! but what spoke in my favour, and commended my lectures.

With regard to the diamond ring which the late Emperor Nicholas so generously sent me from St. Petersburg, not for any "flattering communications," as the writer insinuates, but simply for an ethnographical and topographical description of a part of Russia so little known, "Kazan," which on that account probably pleased his Majesty—far from blushing in the least for having received that mark of favour, won by a book which contained nothing in it but what the greatest enemy of the Tzar might have written without a scruple, I still boast of it; and, so little did I fear that the Attorney-General (to whom the writer refers) would censure me, even in the midst of war, for receiving it, that, immediately on its arrival, I sent a paragraph to a leading paper proudly announcing the fact, for the writer must acknowledge there has been nothing secret or underground about my proceedings, of which the very book he has written against will furnish a hundred proofs.

One word more. The writer considers my conduct during the war as "most un-English." I request him to read the following passages from papers professing "War spirit," and which are not quite in unison with his opinions.

Mr. Turnerelli evidently feels like an English gentleman, and records his obligations with a spirit and manliness which command our respect.—*The Manchester War Telegraph*, June 7th, 1855.

This is a feeling (alluding to my opinions) so commendable in itself, and in its expression so English, that it needs no apology.—*Same paper, same date.*

As Englishmen, we could duly appreciate the feeling which induced Mr. Turnerelli, &c. &c.—*Liverpool Standard*, June 26th, 1855.

Mr. Turnerelli appears to have won the personal good-will and consideration of all parties in the place.—*Liverpool Times*, June 21.

I hope, sir, these passages, and I could give fifty more if requisite, will suffice to prove that my conduct has not been looked upon by the generality of my countrymen as "un-English;" and if it be any further proof of my English feeling to have handed over the proceeds of my three first lectures, given (not in outlying lecture-rooms, as the writer says, but at Willis's Rooms, and the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, the two most fashionable and prominent places of resort of our capital) for the benefit of the widows and orphans of our gallant soldiers, I beg that circumstance may be remembered both by the readers of that article and of my present answer.

Hoping, sir, for the sake of truth, that you will insert this letter,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
EDWARD TRACY TURNERELLI.

April 22.
[With the spirit of fairness which we hope will ever characterise our proceedings, we have given insertion to this defence of Mr. Turnerelli by himself, merely

striking out such passages as contained invective against our reviewer without stating any facts or arguments at all bearing upon the matter in hand. We struck out the objectionable passages more for Mr. Turnerelli's sake than that of our reviewer; for to designate as "a series of malignant personalities" a criticism, written by one who knew nothing of Mr. Turnerelli beyond what he had confessed of himself, is simply absurd.

With respect to the matter of Mr. Turnerelli's reply, it appears to us that in this very letter he does little more than confess the truth of our reviewer's charges, which were, that he espoused the cause of the Tzar from the beginning to the end of the war; that he, having lately been a servant of the Tzar, became an ally of Messrs. Bright and Cobden; that he received a present of a diamond ring from the Tzar at a time when that potentate was waging war against his own liege sovereign. Far from being ashamed of this last circumstance, Mr. Turnerelli now boasts of it as if it were in the highest degree creditable to him. With regard to our reviewer's statement that audiences occasionally dissented from the pro-Russian arguments which he ventured to lay before them, it has been pointed out to us that in this very book entitled "Peace" Mr. Turnerelli gives an account of a disturbance which interrupted one of his lectures at Waterloo, a suburb of Liverpool principally inhabited by the wealthiest class of Liverpool merchants. He states that "one *soi-disant* patriot (heaven defend us from such say I)"—it will be observed that Mr. Turnerelli can be very severe when he pleases—could resist, he said, no longer." Then follows a description of one of those scenes of confusion which those who are in the habit of attending public meetings cannot at altogether unfamiliar with; Mr. Turnerelli, on his own confession, "calmly sipping sugar and water while it lasted." As for the friendly criticisms quoted at the conclusion of his letter, our reviewer declines to permit his opinion to be controlled by even such influential organs of public opinion as the *Manchester War Telegraph*, the *Liverpool Standard*, or the *Liverpool Times*—two of which journals, if we mistake not, have become defunct since they praised Mr. Turnerelli.—Ed.]

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Abbotsford Miscellany: Highland Clans, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Amusing Library: Hall's Popular Tales and Sketches, 2s. bds. Annals of England, Vol. II., fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl. Aubertin's Prophecies of Daniel, trans. by Saphir, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Baily's Modern Science, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. Bloomsbury Lent Lectures, 1856: Lights of Prophecy, fcp. 8vo. 5s. Boyce's Sermons at Godalming, Surrey, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boyle's Court Guide, 1856, April Edition, 18mo. 5s. bds. Child's Elements of Social Economy, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Brougham's Works, Vol. VI., Natural Theology, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl. Burchett's Lectures on Practical Perspective, post 8vo. 7s. cl. Butler's Heirs of Blackbridge Manor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. Child's Indestructible Book of Animals, illus. oblong 4to. 4s. cl. Collins's Series: Butler's Analogy of Religion, 12mo. 2s. cl. Cromar's Vindication of the Organ, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Dallas's Natural History of Animal Kingdom, illus. 8s. 6d. cl. Edgeworth's Frank, illus. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy, illus. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Edgeworth's Rosamond, illus. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Froude's History of England, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 25s. cl. Gatty's Works not reissued, royal 25mo. 2s. cl. Genesis of the Earth and of Man, edit. by Poole, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl. Granville on Sudden Death, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. awd. Hay's Science of Beauty, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Humboldt's Island of Cuba, trans. by Thackeray, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Humboldt's (David) Philology, 4 vols. 8vo. 48s. cl. Inquisitive Bee and other Tales, fcp. 8vo. 1s. bds. John Halifax, Gent. by Author of "Head of Family," 3 vols. 31s. 6d. Kidd's Treatise on the Goldfinch, 12mo. 1s. awd. Kohlbrügge's Sermons on First Epistle of Peter, Chap. 4, 2s. 6d. Linton's Scenery of Greece and its Islands, illus. 2s. 2s. plain. Little Book (A), post 8vo. 4s. cl. Mackenzie's (F. L.) Memoir, by Miles, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl. Madeline's Sketch of the Last Days, fcp. 8vo. 6d. cl. Manna in the Camp, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Maidland's False Worship, an Essay, fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl. Meadows's Chinese and their Religions, 8vo. 18s. cl. Mellet's Sunday and the Sabbath, post 8vo. 6d. awd. McVicar's Evidence of Christianity, by Gregory, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Mozley's Primitive Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, 7s. 6d. cl. Moore's Memoirs, by Russell, Vols. VII. and VIII. cr. 8vo. 21s. cl. My Promise, How I Kept It, cr. 8vo. 6d. cl. Parker's Gabriel, a Poem, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. awd. Parlor Library: Trevelyan's Younger Son, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Peace's Puseyism, its Subtle Policy, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Railway Library: Smith's Marchioness of Brinvilliers, 1s. 6d. Railway Library: Murray's King's Own, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds. Ritchie's Azdha, or the Forsaken Land, cr. 8vo. 9s. cl. Ross's Red River Settlement, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Royal Blue Book, 1856, April edition, 18mo. 5s. bds. Ruskin's Modern Painters, Vol. IV., royal 8vo. 2s. 10s. cl. Sedgwick On the Nature of Cholera, royal 12mo. 6s. cl. Sibert's Wold, a Tale, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Simpson's Voice from the Desert, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Simpson's Obstetric Medicine, by Priestley and Glover, Vol. II. 24s. Taubert on Use of Field Artillery, trans. by Maxwell, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Wagner's Travels in Persia, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. Wallis's Clotilde, a Metrical Romance, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.

DIVERGING EMPIRES. THE SWORDS OF PHYSICAL AND MORAL TRIUMPH.—Two men, alike perhaps in the normal nature of their genius, and each aiming at a certain universality of empire in the professions they respectively selected.—Napoleon and Holloway. The empire of the sword which the former created and for so many years of fluctuating victory sustained and fostered was, after all, an idle and a bloody dream. It faded in the frost of his first reverses, and when he died, a lonely exile on the sea-girt rock, there was no compensating benefit that he could point to for all the carnage, misery, and ruin his personal ambition cost the world.

Professor Holloway made a wiser choice, although the enemy he grappled with had more than mortal terrors at command. He leaved war upon disease, and with the self-made weapons of his Universal Remedies has fought and overcome his enemy in every land, on every sea, among all tribes and nationalities of the earth. It was a stubborn fight, and one in which success brought no triumphal cries to cheer the prowess of the conqueror. The silent gratitude of a rescued sufferer, the still small voice of an approving conscience, the assurance that his years had been devoted

to a worthy object, and the growing respect and admiration of all whose good opinion deserves to be considered—these were the only stimulants which prompted him to dispense the calumnies of interested hate, and persist in the dissemination of that medicinal empire which he has at length established among all the nations and branches of the human family. And his is an empire that will last, and a reward that shall not pass away.

It would be an insult to the understanding of our readers were we to suppose them to be in a matter of such vital interest—to enlarge upon the different steps of the investigation by which Professor Holloway succeeded in demonstrating that all maladies took their rise in an organic impurity of blood. He did discover it; and by discovering in addition, one single combination of herbs capable of restoring the blood to purity, arrived at that universal remedy which, though dreamed of, and believed in, and hoped for by the wise men of all former ages, had never before been realised in the test of universal practice. Great indeed is the reward of the learned and indefatigable physician: the prayers of the millions he has saved accompanying him through life—and the record of their gratitude will have gone before him when he is summoned from the scene which his genius and philanthropy have so largely contributed to improve. The reward of practical benevolence is an imperishable crown.—*Washington Democrat.*

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, used in the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

PAPER OF LINEN FABRIC.—Bad writing-paper to a man who has to write much is one of the miseries of human life. While driving a steel pen over most descriptions of paper what vibrations and annoyances he encounters! The pen catches or becomes clogged with a woolly detritus, and a blotch reminds him he must clear it of the load it has picked up; or, what is still worse, the surface is greasy. WARR'S paper is manufactured on an improved pure linen material; its surface is of the highest finish, and entirely free from these great defects, so much complained of.—W. and H. S. WARR, Manufacturing Stationers and Printers, 63, High Holborn.

IMPORTANT.—SMOKY CHIMNEYS EFFECTUALLY CURED.—F. HEINKE, 103, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, begs to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and public that he undertakes to CURE any SMOKY CHIMNEY, however badly it may be constructed, upon an entirely new and scientific principle, for which no charge will be made if not successful. Numerous references.

DR. ARNOTT'S SMOKE-CONSUMING GRATE AND SMOKE-CONSUMING COOKING APPARATUS, for their specimen of which a First-class Medal was awarded to F. EDWARDS, SON, and Co. at the Paris Exhibition. The Grate continues to give every satisfaction, and is now manufactured at prices commencing at 50s. By means of the Grate Smoky Chimneys are avoided, and an economy of from 40 to 50 per cent. is obtained in the consumption of fuel. To be seen in daily operation at our Show Rooms, 42, Poland-street, Oxford-street. A prospectus, with testimonials, sent on application.

SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER WATER. Having leased the Holy Well Spring at Malvern, renowned for its purity, J. S. and Co. can now produce a SELTZER WATER with all the CHEMICAL and MEDICAL properties which have rendered Val de Fosses (famous for its water) so celebrated. They continue Manufacturing SODA, MAGNESIA and POTASS WATELS and LEMONADE, at London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. Every Bottle is protected by a Red Label bearing their Signature.

GOOD PORT WINE 25s. per dozen. Australian Wine 25s. " Fine After-dinner Sherry 34s. " Fine Cambridge Sherry 36s. " Val de Fosses (famous for its water) 32s. " Gin (as it runs from the still) 25s. " Fine Pale Cognac (from Bond) 63s. " Any of the above goods at per dozen, or in two-gallon jars, carriage paid on receipt of remittance.

BELLINGHAM AND COMPANY, Free Vintners, 4, Beaufort-buildings, London.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS in England are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London. **STRONG CONGOU TEAS**, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 2s., 3s. 2d. A general Price Current is published every month, containing all the quotations of the London markets, and is sent free post on application.—SUGARS are supplied at Market Prices.—TEAS and COFFEES to the value of 40s. or upwards sent carriage free to any railway station or market town in England.

POPE'S TEA WAREHOUSE, 26, Pavement, Finsbury, London. POPE and COMPANY strongly recommend the following descriptions of Tea and Coffee as the best and most economical that can be purchased—
4s. 6d. Best Congou Tea 3s. 8d. Best Young Hyson Tea 4s. 8d. Best Souchong Tea 4s. 0d. Best Gunpowder Tea 5s. 4d. Best Assam Souchong Tea 4s. 4d. Best Plantation Coffee 1s. 4d. Best Assam Pekoe Tea 4s. 8d. Best Mocha Coffee 1s. 6d. Lower Prices kept. Price Lists on application. Two pounds' worth of Tea or Coffee forwarded free to all parts of England.

DEPOSIT BANK, Leicester-place, Leicester-square. Established 1847. Deposits in sums of not less than 10s. are received, which may be added to from time to time, and bear interest at 54 per cent. per annum. Depositors for two, three, or more years are allowed 64 per cent. per annum.

Bills are cashed and advances made to responsible persons, in sums ranging from 20s. to 1000s., repayable within three months, or by instalments within a year. E. W. SEALE, Manager.

THE HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. Capital, 250,000L. The Capital of 250,000L., which has been enlarged for the purposes of its profitable Loan System on Real Securities, is divided, for the convenience of investment and transfer, into 10s. shares, of which 10s. only will be called. The interest upon the paid-up capital of six per cent. is payable half-yearly, in April and October, and may be received, free of charge, either through a Country Banker, or from the Agents of the Company. Applications for Shares, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent., and to deposit sums of money, repayable upon notice, with interest at 5 per cent., to be made to RICHARD HODSON, Secretary, 15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi, London.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK ISSUES CIRCULAR NOTES of 10s. each, payable at every important place in Europe. These notes are issued without charge, and they are cashed abroad free of commission. The Bank also issues, free of charge, Letters of Credit on all the principal cities and towns in Europe. The Letters of Credit are issued only at the Head Office in Lothbury. The Circular Notes may be obtained at the Head Office in Lothbury, or at any of the branches, viz.:—
Westminster Branch 1, St. James's-square.
Bloombury " 214, High Holborn.
Southwark " 3, Wellington-street, Borough.
Eastern " 87, High-street, Whitechapel.
Manchester " 2, Street, Manchester.
Temple-bar " 217, Strand.
The rate of interest allowed on deposits of 500L. and upwards at the Bank or any of its branches is now five per cent.
J. W. GILBERT, General Manager.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,

BRIDGE OF ALLAN, STIRLINGSHIRE.

For terms, &c., apply to Dr. BALBIRNIE.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, Surrey, 30 minutes from London. Terms:—25 guineas per week. Rooms, with two beds, 4 guineas per week. Farm-house Establishment, 5s. 6d. per day. Bath Attendant, 4s. per week.

FREDERICK THOMSON, Secretary.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM,

4, Coventry-street, Leicester-square.—Open, for Gentlemen only, from 10 till 11. Containing upwards of 1000 Models and Preparations, illustrating every part of the human frame in health and disease, the race of men, &c. Lectures delivered at 12, 2, 4, and at half-past 7, by Dr. G. Sexton, F.R.G.S.; and a new and highly interesting Series of Lectures are now in course of delivery by Dr. Kahn at half-past 6 every evening. Admission 1s.

PIESSE AND LUBIN.

FRANGIPANNI PERFUME.—This is the most exquisite and lasting Scent that is made.—Bottles, 1s. 6d. each. Frangipanni Sachet, 1s. 6d. per dozen. Frangipanni Soap, 10s. per lb., and several other rare odours, at the Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, NEW BOND STREET.

YOUR CREST READY ENGRAVED.

HENRY DOLBY has the CREST DIES of more than 10,000 families ready engraved. He supplies note-paper and envelopes stamped with them, without charge for either engraving or stamping. Dolby's dies are all gems, and his stamping shows the finest heraldic details.—H. DOLBY, Heraldic and Wedding Stationer, 56, Regent-street, Quadrant.

THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS.

The 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.; Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.; Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s.—made to order from Scotch Hosiery, and Cheviot and all other styles, in hosiery, mahogany, &c.; The TWO-GUINEA DRESS or FROCK-COAT, the Guinea Dress Trousers, and the Half-Guinea Waistcoat, made to order by B. BENJAMIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 74, REGENT-STREET, for quality, style, and workmanship, that will be equalled by any house in the kingdom. N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

TO THE CLERGY AND OTHERS.

A Suit of Wool-dyed Black Cloth, Dress or Frock Coat, Canoe, or other Vest, ... £4 4 6
Also, the MILTON WRAPPERS, in all the new Clerical Mixtures, prices ... 1s. 13s. 6d. and 3 0 0
The Oxford mixed Doekies Trousers ... 1 1 6
The Belton Cloth Vest ... 10 6
The Canoe ditto ... 0 12 0
Quality, fit, and workmanship guaranteed.
Instructions for self-measurement and patterns sent post free.
S. BATTAM, Tailor, 180, Tottenham-court-road, four doors south of Shoolbred and Co.

BEDDING.—ECONOMY, DURABILITY,

and COMFORT.—J. and S. STEER'S SPRING and FRENCH MATTRESSES make the most elastic and softest bed. A price list of every description of bedding, blankets, and quilts, sent free. Bedsteads: Arabian, four-poster, French, and other styles, in birch, mahogany, &c.; patent iron and brass bedsteads on the most improved principles. Cribs, cots, &c.; bedroom furniture of every description. Elder Down Quilts in Silk and Cotton Cases.—J. and S. STEER, Bedding, Bedstead, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 13, Oxford-street, London.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION; also to

Invalids suffering from Invertebrate and hitherto incurable Diseases.—The medicinal use of Pure Oxygen Gas (known for half a century as one of the most powerful of all curative agents) has not been generally available in practice until now, when, by a patented apparatus, supplied with portable Oxygen Gas, the treatment is rendered at once simple, safe, and cheap. A prospectus and all information furnished gratis; or a Treatise on the Principles of the Treatment and Diseases to which it is applicable, sent for thirteen stamps by the Manager, MEDICAL PNEUMATIC APPARATUS COMPANY, 46, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

BEAUTIFUL CLEAN LINEN.

W. G. NIXEY'S CHEMICAL PREPARATION OF FULLER'S EARTH saves soap and labour, the hands from chapping, and the linen from destruction. Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen in packets 6d. each.

CLEANLINESS.—Caution to Housekeepers.

NIXEY'S CHEMICAL PREPARATION OF BLACK LEAD for polishing stoves without waste or dust.—The public are respectfully cautioned against base and unprincipled imitations of this article, which, with a view to greater profit, are being vend. "W. G. Nixey" and the Government mark are stamped on each genuine cake. Sold throughout the kingdom. W. G. NIXEY, Patentee, 23, Moor-street, Soho.

SHIRTS.—RODGERS'S IMPROVED

CORAZZA SHIRTS. Important improvements having been made in these celebrated shirts, gentlemen are solicited to suspend their orders until they have seen them. For ease, elegance, and durability they have no rival, 31s. 6d. and 41s. the half dozen. Book of prices, &c., containing upwards of 70 illustrations, sent free. **SPORTING SHIRTS.** 200 New Patterns selected from the most beautiful and novel designs of the season, price 25s., 26s., and 31s. 6d. the half dozen. Patterns with full particulars sent free for two stamps.

RODGERS and BOURNE, Makers of the Improved Corazza Shirts, 29, Saint Martin's-lane, Chancery-lane. Established 60 years.

MARK YOUR LINEN.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The most easy, permanent, and best method of marking Linen, Silk, Cotton, Coarse Towels, Books, &c., is with the PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES. Any person can use them.

Certificate from Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E.—"Several trials with Colleton's Electro-Silver Plates induce me to pronounce them excellent. The letters are distinctly marked in a deep black colour; and after long boiling in strong soda they remain unaltered."—SHERIDAN MUSPRATT.

"College of Chemistry, Liverpool, May 15, 1855."
Initial plates, 1s.; name, 2s.; set of numbers, 2s.; crest plate, 5s. Sent free, with directions (to any part), on receipt of stamps, by the inventor and sole patentee, T. CULLETON, 3, Long-acre, exactly one door from St. Martin's-lane.

ECONOMY in PURCHASING HOUSE-

HOLD LINEN.—The Proprietors of the celebrated Clan Tartan Warehouse, Stirling, have much pleasure in intimating that their fame for Scotch-made Household Linen is rising as rapidly as their celebrity for Tartans, Scotch-plaid, and Tweeds, for which they have long commanded the most distinguished patronage in the kingdom. Patterns of Bedroom Sheetings, Towellings, and Glass Cloths, with prices and marks marked, also a list of sizes, with prices of Dunfermline Damask Table Linen (most durable texture and magnificent design) sent free to intending purchasers on application; and parcels of three pounds value and upwards forwarded carriage paid to London, Liverpool, Hull, and the principal railway-stations in the kingdom, by J. and A. DRUMMOND, Clan Tartan Warehouse, Stirling, Scotland.

DRUMMOND'S CELEBRATED SCOTCH

CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE, STIRLING.—J. and A. DRUMMOND beg to intimate that their SPUN-SILK TARTANS, which make elegant, durable, and cheap spring dresses for ladies, are meeting with increased patronage from ladies of the first rank in England, which, with the supply of these goods, are sold by them in Stirling; and all purchases of three pounds value and upwards are forwarded free of carriage to London, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, and the principal railway-stations in the kingdom. Intending purchasers supplied with patterns of clan, plaid, and mourning styles, res. on application to J. and A. DRUMMOND, Tartan Warehouse, Stirling, Scotland.

SISAL CIGARS! SISAL CIGARS!! at

GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 467, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 144 Small Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post-free 27 stamps. 10 Boxes, containing 109, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. GOODRICH." A large Stock of the most approved Brands.

THE COMFORT of a FIXED WATER-

CLOSET for 12—Placed in gardens converted into comfortable water-closets by the PATENT HERMETICALLY SEALED PAX, with its self-acting valve, entirely preventing the return of cold air or effluvia. Any carpenter can fix it in two hours. Price 12. Also Hermetically-sealed Incontinous Chamber Commodes, 12 2s. and 24 2s. and improved Portable Water-closets, with pump-clatens, and self-acting valve. A prospectus, with engravings, forwarded by enclosing two post stamps. —At FIVE and Co.'s Sanatorium, 64, Leicester-square.

TO PERSONS FURNISHING.—The BEST

BEDDING and the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of BEDSTEADS, fixed in wood and metals, Cabinet and Upholstery Furniture, Carpets, and every requisite for furnishing completely any class of house with good taste, and on the most reasonable terms, is CONSTANTLY on VIEW in these extensive New Show-rooms and Furniture Galleries, with the prices marked in plain figures.—Messrs. DRUCE and Co., 68, 69, and 58, Baker-street, who always give a written warranty, beg the favour of an inspection of their immense Stock by purchasers before they decide elsewhere. N.B.—A superior dining-room chair, stuffed entirely with horse-hair, 19s. each; and Brussels carpets 1s. per yard under the usual prices.

LE MIRROIR FACE ET NUQUE.—This

new Patent Toilet Glass reflects the back of the head as perfectly as if it does the face, and both in one glass at the same time, enabling a lady to arrange her hair back with the greatest ease and precision; it is the most unique and complete article ever introduced into the dressing-room, price 34s. and upwards, to be seen only at the Patentees, Messrs. HEAL and SON, whose warehouses also contain every variety of Toilet Glass that is manufactured, as well as a general assortment of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed-room Furniture.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of 100 Bedsteads, sent free by post.—HEAL and SON, 196, Tottenham Court-road.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS effected a most extraor-

dinary cure of a skin disease.—Mr. C. Smith, the noted boot and shoemaker of 115, Tooty-street, London, has been severely afflicted with scurfy for four years; the cracks in the palms of his hands were as wide as the thickness of a penny piece, and notwithstanding he had been to the principal hospitals, and to the one for diseases of the skin, yet he derived no benefit by their medicines. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS have been the means of effecting a perfect cure.—Sent by all medicine vendors throughout the world, at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. STAMPA, Constantinople; A. GUDICAY, Smyrna; and E. MUIR, Malta.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—MR. HOWARD,

Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication.—Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

TEETH.—By her Majesty's Royal Letters

Patent.—Newly-invented and patented application of chemically-prepared White and Gum-coloured India RUBBER in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Gums and Palates.—Mr. EPHRAIM MOSELEY, Surgeon-Dentist, 61, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, Sole Inventor and Patentee.—A new, original, and improved method of constructing the artificial teeth, most absolute perfection and success, of chemically-prepared White and Gum-coloured India Rubber as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of the most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided; no springs, wires, or fastenings are required; a greatly-increased freedom of action is supplied; a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured; while, from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the chemically-prepared White India Rubber; and, as it is a nonconductor, fluids of any temperature may, with thorough comfort, be imbibed and retained in the mouth. A pleasantness of smell or taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at 61, Lower Grosvenor-street, London; 14, Gay-street, Bath; 10, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN,

INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the chemically-prepared White India Rubber; and, as it is a nonconductor, fluids of any temperature may, with thorough comfort, be imbibed and retained in the mouth. A pleasantness of smell or taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at 61, Lower Grosvenor-street, London; 14, Gay-street, Bath; 10, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS for more than

thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for wounds, a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious support for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desirous that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s. 5s. and 10s. each.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed with complete confidence and great success by the faculty for its purity, efficacy, and marked superiority over all other kinds in the treatment of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

OPINION OF A. B. GRANVILLE, ESQ., M.D., F.R.S.

Author of "The Spas of Germany," "The Spas of England," "On Sudden Death," &c. &c. &c.

Dr. Granville has used Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as Dr. de Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Oil.

Sold ONLY in bottles, capsuled and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANBAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, London, Dr. de Jongh's sole Commission; and sent by them by all parts of town; IN THE COUNTRY by many respectable Chemists.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d. Quarts (40 ounces), 9s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

JOHN GOSNELL and Co.'s PATENT

TRICHOSARON, the only perfect Hairbrush (Letters Patent granted Nov. 6, 1855), with less trouble cleanses the hair more thoroughly than the ordinary hairbrush, and for durability has no equal. Sold by all Perfumers and Druggists, and Wholesale and Exportation by the Patentees, JOHN GOSNELL and Co., Manufacturers of Perfumery and Brush Manufacturers, 12, Three Kings-court, Lombard-street, London.

TWINBERROW'S DANDELION, CAMO-

MILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, an effectual cure of indigestion, all stomach complaints, and liver affections. In cases of constipation these pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required; and, being quite as innocent as castor oil, they may be given to children. Prepared by TWINBERROW, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 2, Edwards-street, Portman-square, London; and may be had of all other Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom (Scott, Thomson, and Co., Calcutta; Roberts and Co., Paris; Picken and Co., Boulogne).

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Price 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per box.
Mr. WILLIAM COURTNEY, of Barton Stacey, Hants, says:—"I had resort to your Pills, and within two hours I was quite easy. The use of these Pills ought really to be known all over the world."

Among the many discoveries that characterize this eventful age, nothing has conferred such a boon upon suffering humanity as that ingeniously discovered by Scott and Adams, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS; they require neither attention nor confinement, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Medicine Vendors. Observe that "THOMAS PROUT, 229 Strand, London," is impressed upon the Government Stamp.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—This

excellent family pill is a medicine of long-tried efficacy, for correcting all disorders of the stomach and bowels, the common symptoms of which are costiveness, flatulency, spasms, loss of appetite, sickness, headache, giddiness, sense of fulness after meals, distension of the eyes, drowsiness, a torpid state of the liver, and a consequent inactivity of the bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame. Two or three doses will convince the afflicted of its salutary effects, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking this medicine, according to the directions accompanying each box. As a pleasant, safe, and efficient, they unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect, and require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use; and for elderly people they will be found to be the most comfortable medicine. Price 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per box, and by all vendors of medicines.

THE following is an EXTRACT from the

Second Edition (page 188) of the Translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—

"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopœia) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suppose, by a saline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic necessity, and do not hesitate to say it is the best mass pill in the kingdom; a muscular purge, a mucous purge, and a hydragogue purge combined, and their effects properly controlled by a diligent and correct. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c.?—The most marvellous production of modern science is BEAUCOUPPEL'S CRIATURAL, which is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, Eyebrows, &c. in a few weeks, and restore the hair in baldness from whatever cause, strengthen it when weak, prevent its falling off, and effectually check greyness in all its stages. For the nursery it is recommended by upwards of 100 Physicians for promoting the growth of the hair, and averting baldness in after years. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, price 2s., or will be sent post-free on receipt of 25 penny stamps, by Miss Couppelle, 69, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.—Mrs. Carter writes, "My hair, which was bald, is now covered with new hair." Mrs. Williams, "I can show a fine head of hair from using your Criaatural." Mrs. Reeve, "My hair is gaining strength and thickness." Rev. Craven, "Through using it I have an excellent head of hair." "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers. I want two packets for other customers."

KNOW THYSELF.—The secret art of dis-

covering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS, from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, is the science of MARIE COUPELLE, with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, inclosing 13 penny post stamps, to Miss Couppelle, 69, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London, and they will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, and virtues, &c., of the writer, with many other things which are unsuspected. "I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself."—Miss Jones. "My friends pronounce it to be faithful."—Mr. C. Gordon. "Your skill is certainly wonderful."—Mr. G. Gadsby.

VALUABLE REMEDIES for the

AFFLICTED.—DR. ROBERTS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT, called the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every kind, a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, scorbutic eruptions, and pimples on the face, sores and inflamed eyes, sore heads, sore breasts, piles, fistula, and numerous humors, and is a specific for those afflicting eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold 6d. pots, at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. each. Also his

PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, confirmed by

more than forty years' experience to be, without exception, one of the best alternative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting nature in all her operations. Hence they are used in scrofulous, scorbutic complaints, glandular swellings, particularly those of the neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s.—Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT, at their Dispensary, 1, Strand, London, and by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.—Observe, no Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine, unless "Beach and Barnicott, late Dr. Roberts, Bristol," is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each package.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS,

&c.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty of Medicine, and COMPREHENSIVELY described in the following as the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inoperative, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each; postage, 1s.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

"I TOO," and other Poems. By **BEELZEBUB.** Fcp. 8vo. 6s.; cloth extra, gilt edges. Free by post on receipt of the amount in postage-stamps.
London: E. TOWNSEND HAMBLIN, 481, Oxford-street; and all Booksellers.

This day, price 12s. in 8vo. cloth, with illustrations.
ST. PAUL and his LOCALITIES, in their PAST and PRESENT CONDITION, as LATELY VISITED. By JOHN AITON, D.D., Author of "The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope."
London: ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."
This day is published, price 7s. 6d. in cl. th.
TASSO and LEONORA. The Commentaries of Ser Pantaleone degli Gambacorti, Gentleman Usher to the august Madama Leonora d'Este.
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

In the press.
ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC. By EDWARD LANG, F.R.S.E. This Treatise is intended to supply the great desideratum of an intellectual instead of a routine course of instruction in Arithmetic.
W. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.—Mr. Fowle's admired Hymn, "The Hymn of Peace," suitable for the approaching Thanksgiving, will be sent post-free for Thirteen Stamps; and copies of the second edition, containing per Hundred to Clergymen for their congregations, on application to J. H. JEWELL, Music Seller and Publisher (from 80th-square), 104, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Just published, Second Edition, price 5s. fcp. 8vo. cloth,
VAGABOND LIFE; or a Wanderer's Adventures in Mexico. By GABRIEL FERRY, for Seven Years Resident in that Country.
Descriptions of strange scenes and character.
"We have not met for a long period with a more entertaining work than this volume."—*Tait's Magazine.*
London: JAMES BLACKWOOD, Paternoster-row.

BLACKWOOD'S LONDON LIBRARY.
Price 1s. 6d. each, illustrated, and fancy wrapper.
THE DUCHESS OF MAZARIN: a Tale of the Times of Louis the Fourteenth.

"This is a tale of deep interest. Many of the leading characters, ecclesiastics and statesmen of that period, play a conspicuous part. The intrigues of the Court, secret designs of the nobility, and peculiar characteristics of the period are faithfully set forth. Authors desirous of having their works published in this Series will please to communicate with the Publisher."
London: JAMES BLACKWOOD, Paternoster-row.

WIT and HUMOUR. Second Edition, a Selection of the best in the Language for Family Enjoyment.
Price 4s. 6d. cloth. By the Editors of the CRITIC.
THE CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

A CLERICAL LIST, containing the Names and Addresses of 4390 Clergymen of the Church of England and Ireland, is now ready, price 1s. May be had, by order of any Bookseller, or for thirteen penny stamps, from the CLERICAL JOURNAL Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

USEFUL TO ALL.—Just published, A MANUAL OF QUOTATIONS IN COMMON USE IN LATIN, GREEK, FRENCH, GERMAN, and ITALIAN. A new edition, greatly enlarged. By Dr. MICHELESEN. Price 6s. cloth. This work is essential for all who would speak and write correctly. It is arranged alphabetically for ready reference. It gives translations also.
CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

PRESENTS and PRIZES.—The most welcome present, and of permanent value and utility, is BEAUTIFUL POETRY, comprising the choicest in the language, selected by the Editors of THE CRITIC. THE THIRD SERIES for 1855, just published, price 5s. 6d. cloth; or, superbly bound in green and gold, or in purple and gold, price 7s. 6d.
The SECOND EDITIONS of the FIRST and SECOND SERIES may still be had, price 7s. 6d. each, bound in like manner.
It may be had by order of all Booksellers, or sent by post, paid for by any person including the price in penny postage-stamps or Post-offices order to Mr. CROCKFORD, the publisher, at THE CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Now ready, 1s. 6d. (88 pp.).
WHO WROTE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS? being an Investigation into certain Mysterious Circumstances attending the Production of those celebrated Works. "Acute and ably reasoned. The proofs are very striking. A remarkable pamphlet."—*Nation.*
"Curious—ingenious—startling."—*Dublin Wanderer.*
London: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 11, Royal Exchange.

Beautifully illustrated, plain and coloured, price 10s. 6d.
RUSTIC ADORNMENTS for HOMES of TASTE. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD.
"Aquariums, Ward's Cases, Aviarie, Fernery, Bees, Rockwork, Garden Scenery, Fountains—in fact, everything delightful, will be found in this tasteful volume." "Nothing could be more seasonable than this elegant book; it is beautifully illustrated, and as a present to those whom we love or esteem, we do not know anything more appropriate."—*Cottage Gardener.*
GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, Publishers, 5, Paternoster-row.

NEW VOLUME OF LORD BROUGHAM'S WORKS.
Now ready, in 1 vol. post 8vo. price 5s. cloth,
NATURAL THEOLOGY. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. Comprising an Introductory Dissertation of Natural Theology. Dialogues on Instinct, Researches on Fossil Osteology, and on the Cells of Bees.
"When Lord Brougham's eloquence in the Senate shall have passed away, and his services as a statesman shall exist only in the free institutions which they have helped to secure, his Discourse on Natural Theology will continue to inculcate imperishable truths, and fit the mind for the higher revelations which these truths are destined to fore-shadow and confirm."—*Edinburgh Review.*
London and Glasgow: RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co.

POULTRY.—The Lovers of Poultry are informed that the Editor of the late *Poultry Chronicle* has been engaged to conduct the POULTRY DEPARTMENT of THE FIELD, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER. Communications are requested.
N.B.—To the Subscribers to THE FIELD for 1856 is presented THE RURAL ALMANAC and COUNTRY HOUSE CALENDAR, containing all the information for the year useful in the Country House, and twelve superb Engravings after Ansdell, Harrison Weir, and others. Orders to be sent immediately to the FIELD OFFICE, Essex House, Essex-street, Strand.

HAVEY'S FRENCH IN ONE VOLUME.
A New and Improved Edition, large 8vo. price 6s.
THE COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK; or, Grammatical and Idiomatic French Manual. By A. HAVEY, French Master, Glasgow Athenaeum, &c.
This theoretical and practical work contains a Progressive Reader, composed of tales, anecdotes, and extracts from the best French authors; copious Vocabulary; a complete Accidence and Syntax, exhibiting a continual comparison between the English and French Idioms; abundant Exercises; Illustrative French Lessons (intended as a preparation for the Exercises); and series of Conversations upon all topics: the whole on a plan peculiarly conducive to the acquisition of correct phraseology, both in speaking and writing.
Notwithstanding the multiplicity of grammars already in existence, "The Complete French Class-Book" is being rapidly adopted in many public and private schools in Great Britain.
London: DULAU and Co.; W. ALLAN; and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.
HURST AND BLACKETT
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN)

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED
THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS of the COURT of the REGENCY. From Original Family Documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. 30s. bound.
Among the subjects elucidated in this work will be found:—The Personal History of the Prince of Wales, with Notices of his principal Friends, public and private; the Career of the Princess of Wales at Home and Abroad; the last great European Coalition against Napoleon; Sheridan at Carlton House; the Visit of the Sovereigns to England; the Conduct of the Princess Charlotte; the Private Negotiations of the Marquis Wellesley and Mr. Canning; the Secret Policy of the Cabinet; Russian Intrigues; Proceedings of Viscount Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington, &c.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES: the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Kousall and Scutari. By A LADY VOLUNTEER. 2 vols. with Illustrations. 21s. bound.
"A work doing honour to humanity."—*Examiner.*

TRAVELS in PERSIA, GEORGIA, and KOORDISTAN; with Sketches of the Cossacks and the Caucasus. By Dr. MORITZ WAGNER. 3 vols.

JOURNAL of ADVENTURES with the BRITISH ARMY, from the COMMENCEMENT of the WAR to the FALL of SEBASTOPOL. By GEORGE CAVENDISH TAYLOR, late 95th Regiment. 2 vols. 21s.

LAKE NGAMI; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years in the Wilds of South-Western Africa. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON. 1 vol. royal 8vo. with Maps and upwards of 50 Illustrations, representing Sporting Adventures, subjects of Natural History, Devices for Destroying Wild Animals, &c. 30s. handsomely bound. (Just ready.)

A SUMMER IN NORTHERN EUROPE, including Sketches in Sweden, Norway, Finland, the Aland Isles, Gothland, &c. By SELINA BUNBURY, Author of "Life in Sweden," &c. 2 vols. 21s. (Just ready.)

THE NEW NOVELS.
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

By the Author of "The Head of the Family," &c. 3 vols.
"In 'John Halifax' the author has made a considerable advance upon her previous works. The great source of interest is an improved and masterly execution employed upon more substantial matter. Every character is consistently conceived and very truthfully delineated. The incidents, the scenes, the 'still life,' are painted with a power that sustains the attention of the reader."—*Spectator.*

MARGARET and HER BRIDESMAIDS. By the Author of "Woman's Devotion." 3 vols.
"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and an originality about it quite charming."—*Athenaeum.*

MODERN SOCIETY in ROME. By J. R. BESTE, Esq., Author of "The Wabash." 3 vols.

RANK and BEAUTY; or, the Young Baroness. 3 vols.
"The story of the Young Baroness is sure to be attractive to the mass of novel readers."—*Literary Gazette.*

MADLINE CLARE. By COLBURN MAYNE, Esq. 3 vols.
"Madeline Clare" will take its place among the most popular novels of the day. The story is full of romantic incident and strange adventure."—*Post.*

LILLIESLEAF; the Concluding Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunny-side. A New and Cheaper Edition, complete in one volume, 10s. 6d.

Also just ready, in 2 vols.
THE SORROWS of GENTILITY. By MISS JEWSBURY.

NEW EDITION OF BURKE'S PEERAGE.
Now ready, in 1 vol. with 1500 Engravings of Arms,
THE PEERAGE & BARONETAGE for 1856. By SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms. New Edition, corrected to March 1856, from the personal communications of the Nobility, &c.
"For the amazing quantity of personal and family history, admirable arrangement of details, and accuracy of information, this genealogical and heraldic dictionary is without a rival. The work is, in fact, a complete cyclopaedia of the whole titled classes of the empire, supplying all the information that can possibly be desired on the subject."—*Morning Post.*

Also, now ready,
LIVES of the QUEENS of ENGLAND. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Cheap Edition, with all the late Improvements, and Portraits of every Queen, complete in Eight Volumes, price 7s. 6d. each, bound.

THE CRESCENT and the CROSS. By ELIOT WARBURTON. Twelfth Edition, with 15 Illustrations, 6s. bound.

HURST and BLACKETT, Publishers, Successors to Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

This day, price 7s. 6d. post 8vo. cloth,
THE HISTORY of A MAN. Edited by GEORGE GILLFILLAN.
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

Just published, price 2s., or 36 stamps by post.
THE NEW MINERAL-BATHS' CURE in GERMANY. By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S., Author of the "Spas of Germany."
GARDNER, 372, Oxford-street.

CARRIERS.—The LAW of CARRIERS at this TIME, complete. By E. POWELL, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Price 7s. 6d.
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

EVIDENCE.—The PRINCIPLE and PRACTICE of EVIDENCE. By E. POWELL, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. For the Use of Students, Magistrates, Schools, &c. Price 12s. cloth; 14s. half-bound; 15s. bound.
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

THE LAW of CARRIERS, by RAIL, STEAM, and HORSE, with all the Cases to this Time. By E. POWELL, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of the "Law of Evidence." Price 7s. 6d. cloth; 10s. half-bound; 11s. bound.
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

FOR MAGISTRATES.—Just published, SAUNDERS'S NEW PRACTICE of MAGISTRATES' COURTS. Price 9s. 6d.

POWELL'S NEW LAW and PRACTICE of EVIDENCE. Price 12s. And
COX'S NEW LAW of SUMMARY JURISDICTION in LARCENY; with the LAW of LARCENY. Price 5s. cloth.
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

WONDERFUL PUBLICATION.—The RESTORER is COME. THE VOICE of the PROPHET ELIJAH.—VOICE the FIRST.—Second Edition, 6d.; post 7d. Any C. M. PEACOCK, Publisher, 19, Currier-street, Chancery-lane, London.

MR. HARVEY ON DEAFNESS.
Second Edition, just published, fcp. 8vo. sewed, price 2s. 6d., by post, 3s. 6d.

THE EAR in HEALTH and DISEASE; with Practical Remarks on the Prevention of Deafness. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.
London: Renshaw, 354, Strand.

Now ready, a New Edition (the 5th cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; by post 1s. 10d. and 2s. 6d. respectively).

THE ART of PRESERVING the TEETH, and RESTORING THEM WHERE LOST. With directions for the Management of Children's Teeth. By JOSIAH SAUNDERS, Dentist to the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary, &c.
London: W. SKEFFINGTON, 163, Piccadilly; by post only from the Author, 16, Argyl-street, Regent-street.

LIMITED LIABILITY.—On Saturday the LIMITED LIABILITY CHRONICLE will give all the new Companies, their prospectuses and plans; instructions for forming and conducting them; advice to investors, and every kind of information relating to them. A copy sent to any person enclosing six postage-stamps to the Office, Essex House, Essex-street, Strand.

LONDON and PROVINCIAL AUCTION AND SALES LIST of Auctions to come, contained in the JOURNAL OF AUCTIONS, LAND AND MONEY CHRONICLE, AND INVESTMENT ADVERTISER, having reported all the Sales of the Land Market, the Money Market, Stock and Share Lists, Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, new speculations, &c. Published on the 1st and 15th of each month. A copy sent to any person enclosing six postage-stamps to the Office, Essex House, Essex-street, Strand.

Just published, price 1s. (By post, 6s., for 14 stamps),
DEBILITY and NERVOUSNESS: a complete Essay on the Secret Cause of these distressing Disorders; showing the advantages of the use of the microscope in detecting, by scientific examination, the causes which commonly lead to its occurrence, the symptoms which indicate its presence, and the means to be adopted for its cure. By SAMUEL LA MERT, M.D., 37, Bedford-square, London.

SNEEWOOD and Co., Paternoster-row; and from the Author, who may be consulted at his residence from 11 o'clock till 2, and from 6 till 8.

Just published, new and improved edition, price 1s.
THE CURABILITY of CONSUMPTION: being a Series of Papers, presenting the most prominent and important Practical Points in the Treatment of the Disease. By F. H. RAMADGE, M.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians, late Senior Physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest, &c.

Also, by the same Author, price 10s. 6d.
A TREATISE on ASTHMA and DISEASES of the HEART.
London: LONGMAN and Co.

Just published, the Second Edition of
THE RURAL ALMANAC,
AND
COUNTRY-HOUSE CALENDAR
FOR
THE FIELD, THE FARM, THE GARDEN,
FOR 1856.

Edited by CHRISTOPHER IDLE, Esq.,
Author of "Hints on Shooting and Fishing," &c.

IT contains TWELVE LARGE ENGRAVINGS, by the First Artists of the Day viz.:

Duck Shooting	R. Ansdell.
Trout Fishing	Harrison Weir.
The Brave Old Hound	R. Ansdell.
Hold Hard! Let them get at him!	R. Herring.
Courting Cracks	R. Nightingale.
The Rabbit Warren	Harrison Weir.
The Sick Lamb	R. Ansdell.
The Last Load	Harrison Weir.
Well over	R. Herring.
Partridge Shooting	Harrison Weir.
Highland Gille with a Relay of Dogs	R. Ansdell.
The Engine's Prey	T. H. Wilson.
Sea Eagles	R. Ansdell.

The most useful Contents of the Calendar are relating to SPORTING, FARMING, GARDENING, RURAL AFFAIRS, and all the information usually contained in Almanacs, and much besides which is required for ready reference in the COUNTRY HOUSE.

Price 1s., or it will be sent post free for 13 penny stamps to any person transmitting that amount to the Office. May be had by order of any Bookseller or Newsmar.
Published at THE FIELD OFFICE, Essex House, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand, London.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 16, Oakley-square, Hampstead-road, in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 13, Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the Parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Thursday, May 1, 1856.

ed by

E in
r of the

S at
t-Law.

and
rrister-
rice 12s.

EAM,
WELL,
Price

shed,
URTS.

E of

DIC-
cloth.

The
OPHET
t. Any
London.

t,

SE ;
ss. By
sary for

ost

ETH,
evotions
IDERS,
rom

y the
he new
ing and
rmation
ostage-

TION
in the
NICLE.
Sales of
elrs-at-
nd 15th
ostage-

com-
orders ;
ding, by
s occur-
ns to be
-square,

or, who
ad from

ION:
ent and
by F. H.
Senior

ES of

AC,

r

DEN,

c.

GE
a Day

Weir.

gale.

Weir.

Weir.

Weir.

on.

ting to
FAIRS.
es, and
in the

stamps
May
Essex-

Hamp-
g-offen,
Blooms-
x-street,
66.